

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JULY 22, 1957

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THE YANKEES

5 big questions
answered for
the first time

HANK BAUER



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Acknowledgments on page 6



THE
YANKEES
HANK BAUER
BY ARTHUR DALEY
P. 10-11

COVER: HANK BAUER

Photograph by Arthur Daley

An aggressive, versatile player who can win ball games in the field, on the bases or at bat, Hank Bauer has the awesome look of a real Yankee. Roy Terrell's answers to five frequently asked questions about this most famous of ball clubs can be found starting on page 8.

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SECRETS OF THE YANKEES

The story behind baseball's winningest team. By ROY TERRELL

\$427,100 IN TWO MINUTES

Edie and Dedee took the Moonwalk Handicap. By M. R. WERNER
Clem won the big one at Arlington. By WILLIAM LEGGETT
To California's Round Table the day's third fat parse. By MELVIN DURSLEG

ROBERT MOSES AND THE DODGER MOVE

A chronicle and a peppery critique by the New York park commissioner

SAGA OF TWO ADVENTUROUS HONEYMOONERS

IN COLOR, an attractive sporting couple's exotic, 30,000-mile wedding trip

NOTHING COULD BE FINER

That's what they sing about Dyna, the Great Lakes' newest yacht

EXIT THE CROCODILE

Roe Johnson, international jockey, has retired. By WILLIAM McHALE

FUN IN THE SUN

A SPORTING LOOK at some of the brightest seaside clothing yet

MR. McDONOUGH'S MAGIC SHOVEL

Part I of an Irish sequel to GERALD HOLLAND's Ron Delany story

THE DEPARTMENTS**SCOREBOARD****BASEBALL X-RAY****FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR****COMING EVENTS****EVENTS & DISCOVERIES****WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT****TIP FROM THE TOP****HOTBOX****THE 15TH HOLE****PAT ON THE BACK**

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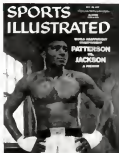
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NEXT WEEK**BIG FIGHT FORECAST**

A training camp preview, by Martin Kene, of the Patterson-Jackson heavyweight title go

PLUS: THE FABULOUS HAMPTONS—THE EAST'S HOTTEST PLAYGROUND IN
TEXT BY HORACE SUTTON,
COLOR BY TONI FRISSELL



MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY FUND is a nonprofit foundation which for 20 years has endowed research to promote the improvement of economic, industrial, civic and educational conditions. In its latest Annual Report, its Director, August Hecksher, writes on a salient fact of contemporary life.

"Next to the abundance of things the citizen has," Hecksher says, "the abundance of time at his disposal is perhaps the most striking characteristic of the present American scene.

"Free time is not in itself leisure . . . leisure is not a vacancy, an escape from doing things, but a quality of life capable of pervading in some degree a man's total existence.

"It is not a mere paradox to say that men and women have attained leisure only when they recapture in their free time something of what in their happiest moments they find in work—the satisfaction born of having mastered manageable things, the relaxation that comes

from moving in an element where one feels instinctively at home. Recreations and hobbies, as a matter of fact, have always been related to the world's work. They have provided in playful or symbolic guise a means of meeting certain deep needs of the social order. Thus outdoor recreations have brought men back to the resources of nature when industrialization seemed in danger of cutting them off; games have nurtured values essential to constitutional freedom. And what are hobbies, rightly understood, but a way of keeping alive crafts and skills which the machine seemed likely to obliterate from memory?"

I thought you would be interested in Mr. Hecksher's commentary, for it seems to me not only to make clear the significance of the role of sports in America today but also to explain a good deal of the purpose which lies behind the publishing of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

Harry Phillips



Why Fidelity?

Speaking about a new recording of one of Beethoven's Quartets a critic was recently moved to observe that the performance was spirited, the quality of the sound excellent, but that in the slow passages "various members of the quartet may be heard turning the pages of the music."

Although the critic obviously considers this a flaw, the company that issued the recording (it was not Columbia) could construe his remark as a compliment. For one thing it is not often that sound engineers permit these small manifestations of humanity to slip through their filters, so that when they do the record is already well on its way to becoming a collector's item.

For another thing, what's so wrong with humanity? Did not Beethoven himself hear the rustle of pages as the musicians of his time leafed their way through his quartets. Did Chopin never hear on the keyboard the clatter of fingernails that needed pruning? Did not Wagner hear the huff and puff of the soprano striving to store up oxygen before launching into the "Liebestod"? Has Kotelianetz never tapped his foot? Has Clooney never sneezed?

High Fidelity differs from ordinary recording much as television differs from a movie. It is alive. It is excitement. It is unexpected, surprising, delighting and if the sound of turning pages comes through on occasion the sound of Beethoven comes through at all times.

Several years ago Columbia phonographs took High Fidelity by the horns and introduced it to America in the form of the "360" Phonograph. Over the years the "360" has come to mean to High Fidelity addicts what the old Continental meant to the sports car set. In design as well as in performance, it is an all-time classic.

In case you missed out on the original you will be pleased to learn that Columbia has now reissued the "360"—and then some. Because of various technical advances made since the introduction of the original instrument the new "360" has even more gusto than its predecessor.

Where the original instrument had only one sound chamber, built into the phonograph, the new edition has two separate chambers, one housed in its own compartment. This Crossover Network, as it is called, permits a kind of 3-dimensional sound reproduction that is uncanny in its realism. The "360" not only "broadcasts live" but in color. The "360" is priced at approximately \$175, and is now being made available to Columbia phonograph dealers across the country.



COLUMBIA
PHONOGRAPHS

A PRODUCT OF CBS © COLUMBIA "360"
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SCOREBOARD

these faces
in the crowd...

RECORD BREAKERS

Yves Stignani, 6-foot 1-inch Monaco high jumper who failed to make 1976 Soviet Olympic team, leaped 7 feet 1 inch at Lexington to better "Charley Diamond" world record by half inch, become second man in history to surpass 7-foot barrier (July 13).

Three world marks were established in 100-meter Herudulu salt-water sprints during annual Kiri Nakamura swim meet, Naniyama, Jersey. 17-year-old Scott-105, finished 100-meter lastly in 1:10.5 (July 12). Australia's Dawn Fraser smashed own 100-meter freestyle mark, negating distance in 58.5 (July 12). Australia's steady Lorraine Crapp broke own 800-meter freestyle standard by more than 8 seconds with 10:24.5 (July 12).

AUTO RACING

Luigi Marzani of Italy gained his 8-cylinder Ferrari as test pilot in Roma Grand Prix race at average speed of 121.5 mph for 314 laps on course, finishing 27 seconds ahead of Jean Behra of France in a Maserati. World Champion Juan Manuel Fangio, in second position with two laps remaining, inexplicably stopped his matrioshka on turn leading to grandstand straight, and not even the 1000 cc. Alfa Romeo could catch him.

Walt Hunsper, Westfield, N.J. sports car dealer, pushed his DeJaguar hard all the way to win SCCA 4b, side-by-side race in 40.41 at I-95er Madison, Md.

BASEBALL

American League, with Manager Casey Stengel resigning the losses, recovered about picking Don Hooker Jim Hanning. Revised Billy Lane, turned away sixth inning when Nationals scored three, to win 24th annual All-Star Game at St. Louis, 6-5.

St. Louis' long-as-leading Cardinals lost ground after All-Star break, as hitting cooled off, dropping their games while winning one but sustained in first by ball game. Philadelphia, rising like rocket, rode its magical card pitching to five victories, moved into second. Milwaukee won three, lost twice, fell to third, one game off pace. Dodgers won all three starts against Cincinnati and Milwaukee with free pitching, clutch hitting. Dodgers wound up week with 2-2 record, descended to fifth.

New York Yankee, getting north-laning pitch-
hit, graduated home run from Bowling Moss Shor-
ron, were able to maintain their lead by half game over



Steninder Jungwirth, 26, Czech runner with ungainly gait, broke world 1,500-meter record by over two seconds near Prague, covering metric mile in 3:28.1, equivalent of 3:55 mile. Only day before, Pinar Olavi Saarola, Olavi Salonen and Olavi Voutilainen had battered old mark at Turku, Finland.



Nancy McNamara, Herb Score's high school sweetheart, was married to Cleveland's forlorn left-hander at St. Mark's Catholic Church, Boynton Beach, Fla. Score, sidelined since May 8 after he was struck in the eye by batted ball, planned to be back in uniform and working out next week.

plucky White Sox Yanks won three, lost two, including last loss in 14 games to Kansas City. Chicago, leading to play up there, still lost, abandoned three games behind Boston, two and three on week despite magnificent hitting of Ted Williams (5 homers, 10 hits in 15 games), held third position.

SQUASH RACQUETS

Henel Salinas, Houston, captured G. Todd Mauer Jr., Philadelphia, in No. 1 position in annual national rankings of 1-8 Southwestern Association. Salinas lost one match all year, that to Mauer, but defeated his twice. Other rankings: 2 Mauer; 3 Calvin MacCracken, Kingswood, N.J.; 4 Benjamin Wechsler, Harvard University; 5 Harry B. Cotton, USAF, Baltimore, N.Y.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Conrad University's sculling heavyweight eight stroked to easy one-and-a-half-length victory over Moir Guller Rowing Club of Mendello Del Lago, Italy in Grand Koggia, major event of International Regatta at Locarno, Switzerland. Rowing in borrowed shell, Conrad that over 2,000-meter Reine Lake course in 5:04.2, three seconds shorter than record.

GOLF

George Bayer, shuffling, 6-foot, 5-inch, 240-pound, onetime Washington Redskins tackle, who had finished second in four tournaments this year, finally won a tournament—the first win in those years on par circuit—dragging 63 under-par 273 on edge. The Wanderer by two strokes at \$25,000 Canadian Open at Kiawah, S.C. Said Big George, gravely regarded as longest hitter in the history of golf, "I just knew there was another one of those second-place finishes right behind me, but I wouldn't think ahead and look at it."

HORSE RACING

Hedians. Mrs. Jan Barker's superweighted (124 pounds) 9-year-old bay son of Franciscanillo, overcame Lefty Peak in short Moonmouth Park homestretch with two frugal whiffs from Jerkey Eddie Arnes, in score three-and-a-half-length victory over Third Brother in mile-and-quarter, \$113,500 Moonmouth Handicap (see page 12).

Chase, with little Cassie McCreary giving him splendid ride over slow Arlington Park along, soundly defeated Derby winner Iron King, moving resolutely but wren home over matched pole to gain eighth and three-quarters win in one-mile, \$311,500 Arlington Chase. Said rated Trainer Bill Stephens: "He's on the money!" (see page 15)

Round Table: *chance and delight of raising roach*
 became first 8-year-old to win \$102,100 Hollywood Gold Cup, beating more 100 pounds, including Jersey Willie Shoemaker, to three-and-a-quarter-length triumph over unruly Pouterhorse in track-record-equalling time of 1:58 1/2 for midland-quester route.
 Paralled winner Train M. Kerr, when asked why he ran out on his parents in Saturday: "When I used to run my back home, we always tried to get it in the barn when the sun was shining." (see page 46)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Water Yangon, spindly-legged California middleweight, abandoned usual courteous style to assault Chris Heinander with violent flailings, was awarded TKO over howl Mexican opponent by Referee Frank Niles in seventh round of televised 12-ounce fight.

Frank Samuels, Morley Oregon 184-pounder, dropped fourth-ranked Welterweight Virgil Alonzo on fourth with overhand right, withstood late rally to score win in St. Louis.

Frank Carbo, known hotel-room manipulator, was paroled by two detectives on steps of Miami's swank Fontainebleau Hotel en route to coffee-kiosk with unidentified Washington promoter. Charged with not being able to give "a satisfactory account of himself," Carbo was released on \$100 bond (see page 20).

REFERENCES

PROTOTYPING—Yogi Berra, 32, hydrant-shaped New York Yankee catcher, reportedly tried out oxygenation in effort to boost clutch hitting average (.245) whenever he would at first use them only for hitting practice and T-balls at Kansas City.

1487. The Aga Khan, His Highness Sayyid Sultan Mahmud Shah, Aga Khan III, 79, spiritual and temporal leader of Ismaili sect of Muslims, owner of one of world's most extensive and successful Thoroughbred-racing and breeding plants. — see page 17, of heart attack, 30 October, Switzerland.

focus on the deed . . .



WHOPPING baby whooping cranes, now almost as tall as their 5-foot parents (Crip, second from right, and Josephine), strut about Audubon Park Zoo enclosure in New Orleans. Chick at right is 55 days old; other 53. Previously, eldest whooper born in captivity lived only 45 days.



MONSTROUS Rocky Marciano, former world heavyweight champion (note gorilla), takes a plunge with Ellen Gottlieb at Miami Beach.

BASEBALL X-RAY



John Musser, 28, St. Joseph, Mo., swimmer, water-skied 715 miles in 23 hours 23 minutes, alternately towed by three boats around Missouri's Lake of the Ozarks, cleared world distance mark. He received new line from assisting skier every 27 miles until storm-tossed water forced him ashore.

FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

MARTIN PARRON, Gardena, Calif., NASCAR 200-mile Grand National race, with 73.48 mph average, in 1957 Pontiac LeMans.

BOATING

HURRICANE III, skippered by Art Allen @ Oyster Creek Cove, N.J., with record 188.7, 126-mile NYCAC predicted leg contest, Block Island R.I.
PHYLLIS CARLSON, 40 Greenwich, Conn., Sloop Car racing record, with 34.6 mph, Sea Cliff N.Y.

BOXING

YAMA BAKAMA, Seward TKO over Deacon Washington, middleweight, Miami Beach.

ARTURO CALZADILLA, 15-round decision over Gertie NUNEZ for European lightweight championship, Milan.

MICKEY CRAWFORD, 15-round split decision over Pat Loney, welterweight, Saginaw, Mich.

WILLIE TOWERS, 15-round decision over Gene Daniels, for British Empire lightweight title, London.

HAROLD GRUBBS, 4-round TKO over Luke Perez, lightweight, Cleveland.

PASCUAL PEREZ, 15-round decision over Leo Angel, junior middleweight, Buenos Aires.

JORJA FOLLEY, 15-round decision over Jeff Dwyer, heavyweight, Phoenix.

ALAN MITCHELL, 2-round TKO over Fernando Pab, heavyweight, New York.

GOIF

INDY BILL, Wichita, Kan., 6-and-5 over Ann Rafter, last Women's international tournament, Colorado Springs, Colo.

DON ESSIG, Indianapolis, 5-and-3 over Jack Moore, Western junior tournament, Lafayette, Ind.

HORSE RACING

OUTER SPACE, \$25,500 Mother Goose S., 1 1/16 m. by 555 Highflyer, in 1:42 3/5, Belmont Park, William Levitt.

BURGLARIZATION, \$20,400 Providence S., 3 1/8 m. by head, in 2:52 2/5, Narragansett Park, Sidney Galyon.

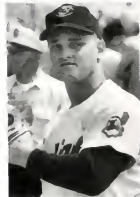
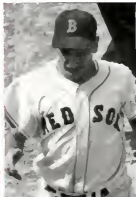
TENNIS

CHALF, international tournament, Buxton, Sweden; 15-2 SCHMIDT, Sweden, over Sven Davidson, 4-6, 6-4, 6-3, 6-3, men's title.

SHIRLEY BLOOMER, England, over Yola Ruzicic, 7-5, 6-4, women's title.

BROOK PATTY, Los Angeles & Paris, over Len Apple, 7-5, 6-4, 6-3, Women's championships, Birmingham, England.

ASHLEY COOPER, Australia, over Ingrid Dwyer, 6-4, 6-2, 6-3, Irish championships, Dublin.



BEST ROOKIE in American League, depending upon method of selection, is either Frank Malzone (left) or Roger Maris. Malzone, a .321 hitter, spent part of two previous seasons on Red Sox roster. Cleveland's Maris, never in a big league game before this year—and therefore X-Ray's choice—has led rookies in home runs, RBIs (see also page 63).

TEAM PERFORMANCES

	This week (7/7 to 7/13)	Season	Home Runs
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
New York	3-1 790 35-27	6	
Chicago	2-1 785 36-30	5	
Philadelphia	2-1 780 35-31	5	
Boston	2-2 765 34-36	4	
Detroit	2-2 760 34-41	4	
Cleveland	2-4 733 35-40	4	
Washington	1-1 723 36-37	3	
Kansas City	1-3 720 35-49	5	
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Philadelphia	5-1 833 45-25	5	
St. Louis	4-1 800 47-29	6	
San Francisco	3-1 795 47-31	7	
Pittsburgh	3-3 765 39-32	7	
Brooklyn	2-2 760 41-36	7	
New York	1-3 748 39-44	6	
Chicago	1-4 740 37-46	4	
Cincinnati	0-4 700 40-38	4	

TEAM LEADERS

	This week	Season	Home Runs	Home Runs	Home Runs
AMERICAN LEAGUE					
Malzone	438	Meade	371	Meade	24
Fox	405	Fox	376	Fox	17
Harmon	353	Harmon	329	Harmon	8
Williams	342	Williams	348	Williams	23
Boling	312	Boling	280	Boling	16
Coleman	348	Wooding	321	Colwell	17
Lewis	302	Lewis	282	Swenson	20
Lopez	282	Lopez	282	Travis	16
NATIONAL LEAGUE					
Ashburn	348	Ashburn	368	Robinson	12
Aaron	350	Aaron	348	Aaron	26
Conaughan	348	Mays	347	Michael	21
Lucas	331	Ford	318	Thomas	12
Valo	302	Clayton	313	Snyder	16
Brennan	329	Mays	305	Mays	16
Mays	312	Mays	305	Briggs	16
Red	312	Robinson	311	Grove	16

HEROES AND GOATS

THE SEASON (to July 13)

	BEST	WORST
Batting (AL)	Meade, NY 371	Fennell, Wash 209
Batting (NL)	Aaron, Md 348	Zimmer, Bos 209
Home run	Meade, NY 24	Appenzel, Chi 8
Home run	Aaron, Md 26	Ashburn, Phil 8
Home run	(1 per 121 AB)	(1 per 121 AB)
Pitching (AL)	Pace, Chi 12-6	Shubert, Wash 2-13
Pitching (NL)	Sanford, Phil 11-7	Kline, Phil 2-12
ERA (AL)	Bolton, Phil 2.10	Shubert, Wash 7.36
ERA (NL)	Parkie, Phil 2.70	Rapaport, Chi 5.27
Complete	Brown, Bos 10	Levine, Chi 8
Game (AL)	Travis, Chi 12	(in 15 starts)
Complete	(in 18 starts)	(in 18 starts)
Complete	Nease, Bos 11	Nash, Chi 6
Game (NL)	Chi 10 starts	(in 11 starts)
Team HR (AL)	Boston City 55	Baltimore 41
Team HR (NL)	St. Louis 103	Pittsburgh 52
Team runs (AL)	Boston 410	Detroit 305
Team runs (NL)	Cincinnati 430	Chicago 318
Team hits (AL)	Boston 753	Kansas City 654
Team hits (NL)	Pittsburgh 813	Chicago 655

RUNS PRODUCED

	Runs Scored	Team Runs Produced	Total Runs Produced
Meade, NY (371)	77	36	113
Harmon, Chi (323)	47	40	87
Jensen, Bos (289)	51	44	95
Swenson, Wash (282)	52	39	91
Shawson, NY (235)	42	47	89
Aaron, Md (348)	67	47	114
Ward, Phil (342)	57	46	103
Mays, NY (305)	57	35	92
Robinson, Chi (311)	59	35	94
Washington, St. L. (290)	57	33	90
Mathews, Phil (303)	56	35	91

THE ROOKIES

	AMERICAN LEAGUE	NATIONAL LEAGUE
Batting	Malzone, NY 306	Meade, St. L. 273
Home runs	Malzone, NY 10	Briggs, Phil 11
ERs	Mays, Chi 33	Briggs, Phil 11
Pitching	Foster, Chi 3-4	Sanford, Phil 11-7



MIGHTY 60-pound striped bass, largest of the steel-coasting season, is lifted where at Cape Cod by Manny Lema Jr., Raynham, Mass.

YANKEE SECRETS ?

*The answers to five questions
about baseball's greatest team*

by ROY TERRELL

? HOW DO THE YANKEES GET THE BEST BALLPLAYERS

THEY find them. They raise them. If necessary, they talk other people out of them. But first, they must find them.

Scouts win pennants, and the Yankees have won 15 in the last 21 years. So Yankee scouts should be the best in all baseball. They are. They also wear out more shoe leather than any other scouting staff in baseball, which is one of the reasons they are the best. The other reason is that if they weren't the best they would no longer be Yankee scouts. It is almost that simple.

"Everything," says General Manager George Weiss, "starts with the scouts. Ours are constantly being evaluated. When they lose a prospect, we want to know why. Didn't we like the boy? Was there a good reason we didn't sign him? Or," with a rather grim little smile, "did someone slip up?"

The Yankees, after missing out on a youngster they wanted very much to sign, have been known to fire the scout who failed. They have also been known to spirit right off the payroll of another big league team the man who out-talked him. In the baseball jungle, such tactics can't miss. After a while you have most of the good ones on your side.

The Yankee scouting system in its basic structure is like that of 15 other major league teams: a chief scout to head

up the full-time, 12-months-a-year staff of 20, and almost 100 bird dogs, who work on a commission or retainer basis and beat the bushes for talent in spare time away from their regular jobs as high school coaches, sportswriters and window washers for the local department store.

The Yankees hold tryouts at the Stadium itself three times a year and in these sessions they may look at as many as 900 players. Of that number, they might find 25 worth a second look. They usually end up by signing about a dozen. Meanwhile, out across the nation, the rest of the scouting staff is looking at thousands more. From these come another 35 or 40. If 50 young players a year seems a modest number with which to shore up such a dynasty, it must be pointed out that these are highly unusual boys. Very few are less than good; most have the potential for greatness.

"Some clubs sign everyone within distance, thinking that they won't miss anybody that way," Paul Krichell, the late famed Yankee chief scout, would say. "A club could go broke under that system. A scout has to look for real ability in a player: has he got a good arm, does he have speed, does he take a good cut at the ball? Temperament counts a lot but you can't look inside a young player, can you? So, how well does he like to play ball? Does he really love the game?"

"Sometimes you can have a ballplayer who will do well in the majors with one fault. Earl Combs couldn't throw. But he made up for that in many other ways. But if a kid has two faults, he doesn't have a chance."



GRIMLY FLANKED BY FARM CLUB MANAGER LOPAT AND PITCHING COACH TURNER, ROOKIE WORKS ON CONTROL IN CAMP AT ST. PETE

At least not with the Yankees.

The scouts know by heart the two compelling arguments for and against their organization. With the histrionics of a star salesman—or a Joseph Paul Goebbels—they unfold before the fascinated eyes of talented young men all the massive advantages of becoming a Yankee: fame, fortune and fat shares of a World Series pot. On the other hand they try to minimize the bugaboo of too much Yankee talent already on hand. To this favorite thesis of rival scouts, Krichell always had the simplest and most effective answer.

"No club," he would say, "ever has enough really good ballplayers."

Once the Yankees have found a boy, nothing is spared to see that he receives a first-class baseball education. The compact farm system is made up of 10 minor league teams, two in triple-A, one in double-A, one in Class A and six in the lower minors; experience has dictated that this is the most efficient number to handle the players the Yankees have under contract. Once they had 22 farm teams, which turned out to be too many.

To these farm clubs, as managers, Weiss assigns men who are teachers first and managers second. Typical of those who work for the Yankees is Ralph Houk at Denver. Never much more than a third-string catcher in the big leagues, from the very first Houk displayed evidence of patience and judgment and exceptional teaching ability. Typical, too, is Eddie Lopat at Richmond, a great major league pitcher but one whose head was always more famous than his arm.

In 1950 Weiss and Stengel dreamed up the idea of the in-

structional school, a prespring-training gathering together of promising Yankee farm hands under the omniscient eye of Casey himself and his high-priced coaching specialists, Bill Dickey, Frankie Crosetti and Jim Turner.

Its purpose was threefold: to give the youngsters advanced schooling in fundamentals at the knee of the master; to give Stengel and his staff a chance to assess the boys personally instead of depending entirely on cold statistics and the even colder pages of the scouting report; and to give the farm team managers, who were also asked to attend, a thorough indoctrination in the Yankee system.

"These advance camps," said Stengel, "give the entire organization one pattern, one system, one way of doing things. And that's my way."

The program has been so successful that it is now copied by most other clubs in both the American and National leagues.

Scouting, signing, teaching. Together they pay off for the Yankees in that endless stream of young talent pouring into the vast ball park in the Bronx. Every year there are kids coming up who can help. In his first year, 1949, Stengel played rookies Coleman and Bauer. In 1950 he had Jensen and Ford and Collins. In 1951 there were McDougald, Martin, Morgan—and a boy named Mantle. And since then the steady procession has included Carey, Grim, Skowron, Kucks, Howard, Sturdivant, Richardson and Kubek.

They find them. They raise them. If necessary, they talk other people out of them.

continued

? IS THERE REALLY MAGIC IN THE YANKEE UNIFORM

SHOULD you ask this question of Enos Slaughter, who wears one, he will look at you for a moment and shrug his shoulders. For Slaughter who has been in the game a long time and has worn a lot of different uniforms, there is only one way to play baseball, whether for the Yankees or Keokuk, and that is twice as hard as you are able. To do anything less would be cheating someone: Abner Doubleday or your mother or the man who pays your salary or the fans or yourself.

Should you ask the question of Nellie Fox, who doesn't even like the sight of a Yankee uniform, you had better be ready to duck fast. For Nellie, equipped by nature with enough spirit of his own to supply half a dozen much larger men, can afford to scorn and even defy such an obviously false superstition. And since he chews the biggest plug of tobacco in baseball, he might just spit in your eye.

But not every ballplayer, perhaps unfortunately, is a Slaughter or a Fox, and this aura of omnipotence which surrounds the Yankees is, in the day-to-day life of the American League, a very real thing indeed. Few of the Yankees feel like old Enos. To them, the famous pin-stripe flannels are a symbol of something very big and very important, something far deeper than batting averages and pitching records and games won and lost. To the rest of the league—omitting those who truly feel like Nellie Fox but including those who just say that they do—the Yankee uniform means something, too, and it visibly affects their play.

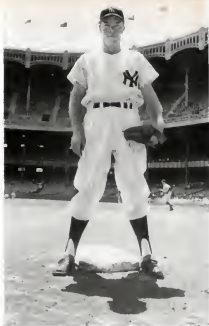
Opposing ballplayers react to the Yankees, of course, in vastly different ways. Some of them, and this includes a large segment of the youngsters each year, have been raised on tales of Ruth and Gehrig and DiMaggio, and it is hardly surprising that when they trot onto the field at Yankee Stadium and look up at the towering tiers of the famous park they do so with a feeling akin to awe. Zack Taylor, who used to manage the old St. Louis Browns, glanced up from his seat on the bench during batting practice one day to discover half his ball club over in the Yankee dugout. "They were just standing there, looking at the Yankees," he snorted, "and a couple of them were even asking for autographs. Damnedest thing I ever saw."

It would be absurd to suggest that the real pros react in the same way; in fact, they sometimes lean so far in the other direction that they eventually arrive at a position from which it is hard to distinguish them from the awe-struck kids. This is because they want to beat the Yankees so much—because of pride, because of hate, because of plain old dollars and cents—that it hurts their performance, too.

"When you're on another ball club," admitted Harry Simpson right after he was obtained in a trade with Kansas City last month, "you know the Yankees are the best, all right. But it's not a matter of being afraid of them. You just want to beat them so bad, to prove that you can be just as good, that you tighten up. You try too hard. And then you know that the first time you make a mistake, you're dead. So you try just a little bit harder to keep from making that mistake and you press a little more and you get a little tighter and then bang. They beat you."

"It's a wonderful feeling," he said softly, "to be playing for this team instead of against it."

What Simpson is just beginning to feel and what Slaugh-



SPIRIT OF YANKEES is GE McDougald, skilled and aggressive in famous pin-stripe uniform against backdrop of vast Stadium.

ter may never feel wraps itself completely around those on the club who have been Yankees or in the Yankee organization for years. It is not a thing they like to talk about, since it belongs only to them, and it is not something to be produced for all the world to see. But the Yankees know it is there and that it contributes materially toward making them better ballplayers, both as individuals and as a team. On the 1957 ball club, perhaps the one who can explain the feeling best is Jerry Coleman, who is not only sincere and articulate but has been a part of the Yankee organization for more than 15 years. He says: "Maybe the phrase is used too much, but there really is an *esprit de corps*. I was a marine and it was there and you knew it. Well, it's here on the Yankees, too."

"It's not just that business of Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig and the old Yankee teams, either, although that is a part of it and it helps. It's also the fellows playing alongside you today, right now. And it's that old guy over there," with a nod toward Stengel. "He doesn't need the money. He doesn't have to keep on managing. He's a wealthy man. But he needs to win."

"They teach you from the first in the Yankee organization that you are expected to win. And you do. When you lose, you keep asking yourself, 'What in the world are we doing losing to *those* guys? They're not supposed to beat us.' We have the best ball club in the world and we all know it. The other teams know it, too."



DO THEY HAVE A MAJOR LEAGUE FARM CLUB IN KANSAS CITY

MAJOR League Rule No. 20 states that no club, owner, stockholder, officer, employee, manager or player shall "directly or indirectly . . . have any financial interest in any other club in the league."

It is because of this rule that the relationship between the Yankees and Athletics has piqued the interest of a congressional subcommittee and several million baseball fans across the country as well.

In 1945, Del Webb, a wealthy building contractor from Phoenix, Arizona, Dan Topping, a wealthy husband of Sonja Henie, and Larry McPhail, an old friend of Leo Durocher, bought the New York Yankees, Yankee Stadium, the land on which it was built and all the spare adhesive tape lying around the locker room for something like \$4 million.

In 1947 Webb and Topping bought out McPhail. Six years later, to get out of the real estate business, they sold the Stadium and land, while retaining the players and tape, for \$6.5 million to a man who did like the real estate business: Arnold Johnson of Chicago, a wealthy friend and sometime business associate of Mr. Webb's. Mr. Johnson then turned around and sold the land to the Knights of Columbus for \$2.5 million, promptly leased it back for a 28-year period for \$4.8 million and in the same motion sub-leased it to Webb and Topping for \$11.5 million. This may sound confusing to you, but it wasn't to Mr. Johnson; his profit on the deal was a nice, jingly-sounding \$6.65 million. Which may help explain why he likes the real estate business.

Anyway, it had no effect on the pennant race.

But one of the properties Arnold Johnson acquired in the transaction was the Kansas City hall park which housed a farm club of the Yankees. When it became evident that the Athletics were anxious to leave Philadelphia before they starved to death, Johnson had the happy thought of transplanting them to Kansas City. So he did. Of course this brought up Rule No. 20, and in 1955 Johnson had to sell Yankee Stadium. He sold it to a corporation headed

by John W. Cox of Chicago. Mr. Cox and Mr. Johnson had owned and raced boats and airplanes together and are close friends. Mr. Johnson and Mr. Webb are business associates and close friends. Pretty cozy.

All of which fails to prove a thing. After due investigation, the whole business seemed to satisfy Mr. William Harridge, who is president of the American League, and it also satisfied the commissioner of baseball, Mr. Ford Frick, and he so testified before the congressional committee. Whether the committee was satisfied, no one is exactly sure. After listening to Mr. Frick's testimony, they just looked blank.

The fans, though, murmured when Messrs. Johnson, Webb and Cox began trading insignificantly in 1955. In 1956 the murmurs grew when New York picked up Enos Slaughter from Kansas City on waivers (and by reportedly paying far more than the \$10,000 waiver price). The howls really began this year when the two teams simply went off in a corner and began to swap. (The fact that the Yankees continued to beat the Athletics with monotonous regularity—13 straight before finally losing one—did nothing to appease those howls.) Out of two big deals the Yankees got a pair of very good pitchers, Bobby Shantz and Art Ditmar, whom they needed, and a left-hand hitting outfielder, Harry Simpson, whom they could certainly use.

Now the Yankee-Athletic axis had finally begun to affect the pennant race. The Yankees, some people charged, are running a farm club at Kansas City; they are sending down spare and worthless players in return for real big leaguers. When they need a player badly, others pointed out, it seems they have only to beckon and presto! one appears—straight from Kansas City. Unethical, they said. Collusion, it was whispered.

Baseball men say no.

The Yankees got Slaughter because George Weiss is smart and because the Yankees were willing and able to pay a lot of money for—and also a lot of money in salary to—an aging ballplayer who just might give them a very brief and specialized lift. In the two big deals of 1957, it appeared from the very first that Kansas City came out ahead in value received, and subsequent events have only heightened the impression. For Ditmar and Shantz, the Athletics received Tom Morgan, Irv Noren, Mickey McDermott, Milt Graff and Billy Hunter. Simpson—and two

next week

CHUMMY NUDDLE In December of '55 during the annual league meeting held in Chicago included (left to right) Arnold Johnson, owner of the Kansas City Athletics; Del Webb, co-owner of the Yankees; Joe Cronin, vice-president and general manager of Boston Red Sox; and Charles Comiskey, vice-president of Chicago White Sox. Johnson, a realtor, and Webb, a builder, typify the sharp, business-wise brand of new owner who has come into baseball more and more in recent years. Here they are rivals; on the outside, they are business associates.



other players whom the Yankees promptly sent to the minors—were only pawns in the deal which enabled Weiss to get rid of the controversial but highly skilled Martin. Had the Copacabana incident never occurred, it is unlikely that the Yankees would have made a trade which took not only Martin but the promising youngsters Ralph Terry, Woody Held and Bob Martyn as well.

"There is nothing illegal or unethical about the trading between the Yankees and Athletics," says John McHale, the capable young general manager of the Detroit Tigers. "Arnold Johnson is doing a fine job for Kansas City. He took a ball club that had nothing and made it into a ball club that is tough to beat. Arnold and I were on the phone at least 25 times since the opening of the season. We just couldn't trade because we didn't have the extra ballplayers to offer. We don't have depth and that's no secret."

Says Baltimore's Paul Richards: "In Arnold Johnson's position, you have to get ballplayers. The most logical source is the team that has the most, and that is the Yankees. Kansas City would be trading with, say, Chicago if the White Sox were the team overloaded with talent. In Johnson's position he can't afford not to make a deal for players who might help him. I don't buy those stories about collusion at all."

? WHO REALLY RUNS THE YANKEES

MAJOR league club owners, casting about for fresh ammunition in their running battle with congressional committees on this matter of whether professional baseball is or is not a business, may be overlooking a most convincing argument: of all profit-seeking ventures known to man, none is controlled by so many knowing so little about so much. If this in itself is unusual, even more so is the fact that some of the club owners actually admit it. The Yankees' Del Webb and Dan Topping are among these.

Perhaps that is why they are the most successful of all.

Webb, wealthy and wise, is a man whose first business is building, not baseball, and although in constant touch with the Yankee front office, he is seldom in New York. Considered by some the strong man of the organization, he knows enough about baseball to know that he doesn't know everything about it and is smart enough to hire someone who does. Topping, who once owned a professional football team, now considers baseball his primary interest. He lives in New York and seldom allows a day to pass in which he does not spend some time actively in his Yankee Stadium office. But Topping, too, is wise enough to realize that he is just learning what makes a ball club tick. The man that Webb and Topping have hired to see that it does tick is George Martin Weiss. Not Casey Stengel. As long as the team wins, Weiss will be the boss. Should it fail, Weiss will undoubtedly go, but only after Casey has preceded him through the door.

Weiss, a portly, moon-faced man who seldom raises his voice, always has a haircut and doesn't look like a genius at all, has long been considered one of baseball's best brains, the individual most responsible for seeing that pennants—and the good ballplayers who bring them—keep flowing into Yankee Stadium in a never-ending stream. He doesn't look so tough, either, which just shows you how easy it is to be fooled. The thought of second place is so repugnant to George Weiss that he probably doesn't even know where it is.

He remains, however, a quiet, lonely man who abhors publicity and because of this the average fan, when thinking of the Yankees, thinks first of Stengel, the most colorful, most famous manager in baseball. Weiss is just a name; Stengel a living, snorting flesh-and-blood being. So it was only natural, when stories of trouble and even a feud between the two arose following the Copacabana incident and the Martin trade, that many persons began to wonder which of the two strong men was the stronger.

The answer is that Weiss hired Casey in the first place. He can also fire him. The rest of the answer is that he won't because (a) they are old friends; (b) on the job there is mutual trust and respect—and dependence—between them; and (c) they have had differences of opinion about ballplayers before.

"I've known Casey since 1919," says Weiss, and the record books show that they even operated in the same league as long ago as 1925. In the old Eastern League that year, Weiss owned the New Haven team, and Stengel was president, manager and center fielder for Worcester.

Weiss would rather not talk about the unpleasant affair which sent Bucky Harris packing in 1948 (Weiss fired him when Bucky finished third after winning a pennant the year before), but he will admit that the Yankee organization, meaning Weiss, had been eying Stengel as future managerial material for a long time.

"You always do that," says Weiss. "I'm doing it right now—just in case something should happen to Casey, of course. Anyway, we liked the way he operated when he was managing on the Coast, at Oakland. So when we needed a manager, we hired him."

No cat-and-dog relationship could have produced the record hung up by the partnership: seven pennants and six world championships in eight years. In fact, if there is a word to explain this rather fabulous feat—and Weiss will supply it—that word is "cooperation."

"They meet every day," said an official of the Yankees, "and they talk over everything. They are both strong men, of course, and they have their differences. Casey may be



POSTGAME CONFERENCE between Weiss and Stengel in Stadium office is daily ritual when ball club is playing in town.

overruled sometimes—Mr. Weiss is the general manager—but he is always consulted and it doesn't happen very often. Casey runs the ball club on the field; Weiss gets him the players he needs and looks after everything else."

The Martin deal, in which Weiss saw that the aggressive and night-life-loving Yankee second baseman was traded to Kansas City, undoubtedly irritated Stengel, for Martin was one of his favorites. But Weiss—and Stengel, too—had to be convinced that Bobby Richardson was a major league second baseman all the way before they would have traded Martin even in the face of half a dozen Copacabana things. More than he dislikes adverse publicity, Weiss wants to win pennants. So does Stengel.

There were other times when they didn't see eye-to-eye. When Weiss traded Tommy Byrne to St. Louis in 1951, Stengel was furious. And, although Casey eventually got him back, it was three years later and only after the veteran pitcher had proved to Weiss that he could be a winner once again.

There is a classic story told by one of the veteran Yankee writers concerning just such a deal which helps explain why the idea sometimes arises that Weiss and Stengel are on the verge of armed combat. In the spring of 1951 the Yankees were trying out a second baseman named Gene Markland, who, although never really a big leaguer, had been around and was, in some ways, Stengel's type of player—experienced, a hustler and a guy who knew his way around a baseball diamond despite a lack of sensational ability. Weiss released him over Casey's protest.

"Casey left the park," the narrator says, "and the first bar he came to, he went in. It was dark and gloomy and when Casey began to rant and rave against Weiss and the whole blasted organization he didn't know who was listening to him. Maybe he didn't care."

"Anyway, three of the guys in the bar were printers for a New Jersey newspaper. They called their sports editor and told him all about it. So the sports editor had a reporter call up Weiss. 'Is it true?' the reporter asked, 'that you and Casey are having trouble? Is there a feud?'"

"Why no, why?" Weiss asked.

"Well," the reporter said, "we have a report that he's in some bar claiming that the front office is trying to run his ball club."

"Oh," said Weiss with evident relief. "He's always doing that. Doesn't mean a thing."

? WILL THEY GO ON FOREVER

BASEBALL, a game played with a round ball on a flat field, comes up with very few funny bounces. The best team usually wins. In the American League the Yankees have had the best team for a long time—so long, in fact, that it is extremely difficult to imagine the day when they will not.

They have the best ballplayers in the league today, and, what is almost as important, since it tempers the danger always present because of injury, they have more really good ones than anyone else available on the bench. They have the best manager, or at least that is what the records show. And they have an organization, headed by Weiss, which seems intent on producing good young players for the years to come. Last season seven Denver farm hands hit over .300, and one who didn't slugged 35 home runs.

Assuming that the Yankees continue to be just as good in the future as they have been in the past—and there is little or no reason to believe that they won't—there is only one way to beat them, the way Cleveland did it in 1954. The only trouble with this is that to pull the trick the Indians had to win 111 games, which no one had ever done before, and even then it wasn't a breeze. The Yankees won 103.

At the moment no one appears equipped, at least in the foreseeable future, to do it again. Cleveland's once-great pitching staff is growing old. Chicago, which acted for over two months like a team which might well win 111 games this very year, now looks like a team which will have to hurry to win 100. The White Sox are just too thin, and they are also aging fast. Detroit has good young players but not enough of them and certainly not as many as New York; the Tigers are so far behind in the business of turning them out that it is going to be doubly tough to catch up. And so it goes throughout the league. If the Yankees lose, it will probably have to come from a major upheaval within—and there is no guarantee that this will happen or that it will be effective even if it does.

Stengel is 66 and must retire some day, but the longer he goes on the less those close to him believe that it will be any time soon. He may not need his baseball salary to live on, but he needs baseball to live. And even if something should happen to Casey, the Yankees, as Weiss says, probably have his replacement already in mind. How less effective would the ball club be should the new manager be, say, a man like Birdie Tebbetts? Or Paul Richards? Or a few other guys?

Weiss is 63 and, as he goes about his job, he shows very little strain. He has a capable young assistant, Lee McPhail, who now has Weiss's old job of director of player personnel and could probably carry on the organization almost as efficiently if something should happen to the boss.

As for the players, it was commonly accepted before this season that the two Achilles' heels of the Yankees, if such existed, were Mantle and Berra. Yet with Berra slumping badly, the Yankees still win. Where would you find another Mantle? Well, for one thing, he is only 25. For another, what is it they used to say? Where would you find another DiMaggio?

And then there is the tradition: the uniform and Gehrig and Ruth and the *esprit de corps*.

And if all this weren't enough, the Yankees just don't believe in getting beat. In 1948 they finished third. The next year not only the manager was missing but over half of the hallplayers as well. If they had failed again in '49, the rest would probably have been sold or traded, too—and so would George Weiss.

"Maybe we are cold," says a Yankee official in trying to explain the Yankee philosophy of victory at all costs. "But we don't think of it that way. It's just that we have to win; if not here to win, at least need to win. It is," he adds simply, "expected of us."

Will they ever beat themselves? This year they have played 11 extra-inning contests. They have won ten. This is not the mark of a team which beats itself.

Overconfidence? "The whole secret of Stengel's success," says Tebbetts, who does a lot of thinking about that sort of thing, "is that he never lets a ball club become complacent or self-satisfied."

Bad luck? On June 30, Ralph Terry of the Athletics pitched a two-hitter against his former teammates and lost 2-1. Another ex-Yankee, Irv Noren, could only shake his head. "There's no justice," Noren said, "if he can lose a game like that. Somebody up there must like them." END



FOR MCCREARY AND OWNER ADELE RAND, CHICAGO HUG AND GLORY



EDDIE ARCARO BROUGHT DEDICATE HOME IN THE MONMOUTH

\$427,100 IN

In one Saturday which reflected racing's golden boom, three better-than-\$100,000 purses were up for grabs. At Monmouth, N.J. and Hollywood

DEDICATE's and Eddie Arcaro's Monmouth Handicap last week would have been the 73rd instead of the 22nd if Jersey bluenoses hadn't persuaded their legislators that there was something immoral about racing. After horse racing was closed down in 1893, gulls raced each other for fish over the old Monmouth plant on their way to sea until 1946. Today the crews of freighters in the Atlantic Ocean can almost watch their investments from the crow's nest with good binoculars on a clear day.

Dedicate and Eddie Arcaro made it perfectly clear that they were much the best and took in \$72,625 net for the mile-and-a-quarter run. It was an effort perfectly synchronized between horse and man. Arcaro let Lofty Peak keep the lead, but not by too much, only drawing away at the top of the stretch. Eddie used his whip slightly but authoritatively on the

stocky, spunky little 5-year-old son of Princequillo and wound up three and a half lengths ahead of Third Brother in 2:01 4/5, a full second speedier than Arcaro won by when he rode Nashua to the Master's other Monmouth Handicap victory in 1956.

The track was rated fast last Saturday, but the day was gray, lowering, with intermittent thunder showers, subduing the atmosphere but not the enthusiasm of the 35,356 patrons. Monmouth, one of the picture courses of the East, is decorated with flora and the fashion world's fillies. Though slightly damp, they looked fresh and fit in the walking ring before the race, where Dedicate's fine condition was also evident.

After the race Arcaro said: "Dedicate ran very easily today—as easy as I ever saw him run. He looked like a winner all the way, and I had no doubts. He is a very good horse and in

very capable hands" (referring to the trainer, not himself). It was the first time Eddie had ridden Dedicate this year, and the horse had plenty of hard luck, as well as some good fortune, before he met Arcaro (who had beaten him twice this year). He suffers from corns regularly; he is an orphan; he was crowded into the hedges in the United Nations and the International last year (maybe he's an isolationist); and he was twice beaten in Belmont's Suburban Handicap, by a head in 1956, and a neck this year. Nevertheless, the 5-year-old now has won \$453,975.

Monmouth Park is not only as pretty as ever, but it is faster than before, and the management is getting the horses off more quickly than they used to. Like the California tracks, Monmouth seems to have had a shot in the loam, and the horses there have been running as if on orange juice.

—M. R. WERNER



HANDICAP, REPEATING HIS DECISIVE WIN ON NASHUA IN 1956



FOR SHOEMAKER AND ROUND TABLE, THE HOLLYWOOD GOLD CUP

TWO MINUTES

Park (Calif.), the public choices were easy winners. At Arlington (Ill.), the Derby winner was beaten but gave Willie Hartack his most gallant ride

Cumfies fell around last week's Arlington Classic as fast as the Chicago rain. Anyone referring to the Classic without the use of the word "rich" was blasphemous. When describing the subsequent winner, Clem, it was felonious not to call him "the lone invader from the East." On the day of the race the cliché machines puffed their last foggy breaths by calling the race "the magnificent mile." The truth was that before the mile had arrived the magnificent had passed.

Major American races are now blocked off into weeks. There is Flamingo Week, Florida Derby Week, Kentucky Derby Week, Preakness Week, all in honor of the 3-year-olds. This spring a great deal of time during these weeks was spent by humans worrying about the condition of horses. Classic Week allowed horses to worry about people. And, for drama, Classic Week was among the best.

By Tuesday everyone knew that Bold Ruler, once pretender to the crown as the nation's top 3-year-old, had developed splint trouble and wouldn't run.

On Wednesday, 85 hours before the Classic, drama developed with a thud. Willie Hartack, America's leading jockey of 1957, committed the painful and embarrassing misdemeanor of falling from a horse. Anyone seeing the films of the fall would have wondered if he would ever ride again. Examinations of wet X-rays on Wednesday seemed to indicate a fracture of the 12th dorsal vertebra and a possible fracture of the 10th rib. The news of the fall brought a cascade of sentiment to Hartack's bedside at St. Joseph's Hospital in Elgin, Ill. America's premier horseback rider, Eddie Arcaro, called immediately. One New York telegram read, "Dear Willie, as one of your ardent admirers, I never bet on

horses, only on you. Did very well in the Derby. Get well soon so I can win again. But make a complete recovery." It was signed, "A friend."

On Thursday, after dry X-rays had been viewed, Hartack was not in as serious condition as expected. He had a fractured transverse process of the third lumbar. He had been scheduled to ride the Classic favorite, Calumet Farm's Iron Liege. As Hartack walked briefly and stiffly down the hospital corridors, Calumet Trainer Jimmy Jones fidgeted continually at Arlington Park. "I hope that boy gets well. I talked to him on the phone and he thinks he might ride the Classic. As soon as he says he's well, I'll send a horse around to pick him up."

Jones had planned to substitute Dave Erb if Hartack could not ride. But in the first race on Friday, Erb rode and slammed his left knee into

continued

ARLINGTON

continued

the rail. Vicious black and blue welts appeared. "Well, what can I do? I'll rest it and see. How's Willie doing?"

Hartaek had left the hospital and, in his Euclid Avenue home, just across from the track, soaked in a hot tub. "I'm a little stiff but I gotta get on a horse and try it." He went over to the Calumet barn where Jones put him up on a stable pony. Willie sprang up and down slowly, dismounted. "It hurt me getting on and off, Mr. Jones, but I can ride if you want me."

Saturday morning Hartaek worked Barbizon at 6 a.m. ("It didn't hurt at all, but I had trouble bending from side to side.") At 9 he galloped Crossland ("Everything feels fine"). Equipped with an elastic girdle, he rode onto the track for the first race, and applause rolled down on him. He tipped his cap. After finishing second, he said, "I'm fine, a little stiff but I'll be O.K." Erb, still limping, announced he would ride the other Calumet entry, Barbizon.

About 2:30, three hours before the Classic, a valet looked around the jockeys' room and asked, "Anyone seen Conn McCreary?" McCreary was lost in traffic because of Chicago's worst rainstorm in 72 years but appeared about five minutes later. ("Boy, I coulda moved faster than that by swimmin'.")

With all this as a prelude, it was almost too much to expect the Classic, worth \$105,950 to the winner, to be an outstanding race. But it was. Greek Game shot to the front, surrendered to Iron Liege for a few strides in the stretch. But the Derby winner faltered before the drive of McCreary and "the lone invader from the East." Erb finished next to last.

Clem will race in the American Derby on August 31. Iron Liege, according to Jones, will be rested for "a few weeks." Gen. Duke, the winter hero, "will not be wound up for a while."

Hartaek, who is too old (24) to be Peck's Bad Boy and too young to be Dracula, seemed to have learned something from the Classic. When he was beaten in the past, he would snarl and leave the dressing room quickly. But after the Classic he said, "Iron Liege ran a good race. He was game and he kept digging. I don't think it was the best race I ever rode. I'll probably just ride four a day until I'm fully recovered. Nope, that wasn't the best race I ever rode."

But it may have been the bravest.

—WILLIAM LEGGETT



VALET TIGHTENS CORSET AROUND INJURED HARTAEK BEFORE THE ARLINGTON CLASSIC

EASY FOR ROUND TABLE

OKLAHOMA CITY OILMAN Travis Kerr sent his crack colt, Round Table, to the post in the \$162,100 Gold Cup at Hollywood Park last week and confirmed suspicions that he is housing an out-of-the-ordinary animal.

The junior member in a rugged 11-horse field, Round Table, with a twinge of contempt, galloped away from his elders and won, eased up by three and a quarter lengths, with Willie Shoemaker sitting proudly astride.

In covering the mile and a quarter distance in 1:58 3/5, Round Table, the first 3-year-old to win the Gold Cup, equaled the track record set last year by Swaps. But apart from the record breaking over Hollywood's speedway, more important implications have been read into Round Table's win by excited Californians who envision the colt as a new Swaps.

Since Round Table is Kentucky-bred and Oklahoma-owned, it isn't exactly clear why Californians should be taking him so to their bosoms, though Owner Kerr explains that this may be due to his spurning the eastern classics to race his horse on the West Coast.

Kerr's judgment on money matters resists criticism, considering that Round Table (through July 13) has pocketed \$183,200 at Hollywood Park. That amount alone (his total earnings are upward of \$330,000) more than

covers the whopping sum Kerr paid for Round Table when he purchased the colt from the Claiborne Farm last February. "Let's just put the purchase figure at somewhere between \$125,000 and \$175,000," says Kerr evasively.

After three successive stakes wins at Hollywood Park against horses his own age, and hauling weights up to 130 pounds, Round Table got into the Gold Cup at 109, a factor largely responsible for the crowd sending him off a surprising 7-to-5 favorite.

Halfway down the backstretch, Jockey Shoemaker, closely shadowing the pacemaker, El Khobar, relaxed his grip just an instant on Round Table and the colt swooshed to the front. When he fattened his lead to five lengths in the stretch, the track announcer, Hal Moore, who is never given to hyperbole in his staid calls, shouted excitedly, "Round Table is running away with the race." Apparently, Shoemaker heard the announcement too, for he just coasted through the last sixteenth, crossing the wire safely in front of two seasoned stakes campaigners, Porterhouse and Find.

Afterward, Shoemaker observed soberly of Round Table, "He's a damn good horse, but don't ask me if he's better than Gallant Man, because I don't know."

—MELVIN DURSLEG

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

SIGNPOSTS FOR A TWO-WAY STREET • AN EQUINE LEGACY TO
THE WORLD • AFTERTHOUGHTS ON WINNING AND LOSING
• MIAMI'S REAPPRAISAL • NEW LIFT FOR AN OLD RESORT

SHAME!

BASEBALL COMMISSIONER Ford Frick, reports the Associated Press, "has no idea" whether the Brooklyn Dodgers and the New York Giants are going to California. In the same state of ignorance are all baseball fans from coast to coast. It is certainly high time the commissioner did have some idea, but of more immediate concern here is the arrogant manner in which fans are ignored—or deliberately misled—when their prospects of watching their favorite sport are bandied about.

The Brooklyn and New York baseball lovers, who stand to lose, are told no more than those in Los Angeles and San Francisco, who stand to gain—or those in Minneapolis, who can only read in the papers a rumor that their club may be sold from the Giants' farm system to that of the Indians. After all, the "loyalty" which baseball owners are constantly demanding of their fans is a two-way street, or ought to be.

Let's get one thing straight. This magazine would be delighted to see major league baseball in Los Angeles and San Francisco at the earliest possible moment. These cities, by their size and traditions, rate the best. Their competition would give big baseball a truly national character. But one can only view with serious alarm the prospect of all National League representation being withdrawn from New York, and this for two reasons.

The first is the implied judgment on the part of the businessmen who own the clubs that they can no longer command adequate support from sophisticated New Yorkers. The Brooklyn club—despite an obviously undemized and antiquated ball park—has shown a good profit in recent years, and the Giants could have done the same. But the O'Malleys and Stonehams now seem to figure they can do better by taking their clubs to towns where big baseball is a novelty. Novelty, however, soon

wears off, and eventually there will be no new towns to invade.

The second objection to New York's exit from the National League is that it would be an almost unimaginable act of defeatism. Is the largest city in the U.S. to be deprived of half of the best in baseball? The departure of the Dodgers and Giants means more than the loss to New Yorkers of Willie Mays and Sal Maglie. It means that never again will they be able to watch the lethal wriggle of Stan Musial, the beautiful wrist snap of Hank Aaron, the grim concentration of Lew Burdette, the promise of Von McDaniel and the maturity of Red Schoendienst or the similar qualities of their successors. The frivolous attitude of NL President Warren Giles—who said recently, "We left all of New England to the American League when the Braves moved to Milwaukee, and we don't regret that"—could never be shared by those who love baseball.

Is it too much to ask that Commis-

sioner Frick and Owners O'Malley and Stoneham make the baseball public a part of—or just keep them in touch with—their future plans? If the Dodger and Giant managements want to move west, that is their business—and privilege. However, if they are concealing their intentions with the devious design of maintaining local patronage for a few more months, then simple honesty compels them—and Mr. Frick—to announce their intentions. The metropolis of New York will always be able to support a National League team and should be given the opportunity of finding another representative if the Dodgers and Giants are really pulling up stakes.

DURABLE SPORTSMAN

THE DEATH of the Aga Khan last week aroused a good deal of discussion about his successor as the spiritual leader of some 20 million Ismaili

continued

CURRENT WEEK AND WHAT'S AHEAD

• No, Yen, Maybe

When the State Department rejected Avery Brundage's application for a Bulgarian visa to attend the International Olympic Committee meeting in September, Avery quickly complained. He pointed out this—plus a failure to admit Red China's team into this country—could easily cost the U.S. the 1960 Winter Olympics.

• Religion of Speed

Donald Campbell, who attacks speed records as devoutly as Mohammedans seek Mecca, exceeded 200 mph in practice at Lake Canandaigua, N.Y. He will try to break his own record (225.36 mph) during the last week of July, aiming for 250 mph.

• No Room at the Park

At the request of Representative Patrick Hillings (R., Calif.) the House Antitrust Subcommittee is seriously considering an investigation of purported "repeals" against Bob Feller for his recent unfriendly testimony on organized baseball. A baseball clinic, scheduled by Feller at Los Angeles' Wrigley Field, had to be canceled when the Los Angeles Angels summarily refused him the use of their park.

• A New Rose Arrangement

USC has now joined UCLA and the University of California in declaring its independence of the Pacific Coast Conference football regulations regarding recruitment and subsidy of players. With Washington expected to follow suit, it looks like the end of the PCC as a going concern, probably a new Rose Bowl arrangement.



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

Moslems, but there was no question as to a successor of the Aga Khan in Thoroughbred racing. Nobody could succeed him. There had never been anyone remotely like him before, and doubtless there will never be another racing potentate of such international scope and enthusiasm. His grandson Prince Karim, a Harvard junior, became the fourth Aga Khan under the old autocrat's will and, while Karim played on the freshman soccer team and enjoyed hockey, he said, "I'm no sports fan, and I don't intend to operate a racing stable." Most of the Aga Khan's stable was taken over by his son Prince Aly in 1956, yet no one thought that this amiable playboy and shrewd horseman could quite be to racing what his father had been.

For the Aga Khan's record was unparalleled. He was the only man ever to win five Epsom Derbies. His horses won 745 races in England, and 300 in France. His first Derby winner, *Blenheim II*, which was sold into stud in the U.S. for \$225,000, sired the magnificent Whirlaway. The Aga Khan's Mahmoud won the Derby in 1936 in the fastest time ever recorded, and he too was sold for stud purposes to Americans, leading the list of American sires from the winnings of his get in 1946. Nasrullah, sold to Americans for \$372,000, sired Nashua, the greatest money winner of them all.

The Aga Khan curtailed his racing after a heart attack on a Calcutta-bound plane in 1952, but he was still to create another sensation with his unbeaten wonder horse, Tulyar, another Derby winner, which he sold for \$700,000 to the Irish National Stud. The Irish later sold Tulyar to an American syndicate, and he is expected to stand in Kentucky once he recovers from an illness that almost took his life this past spring. Despite sales of epic proportions—41 brood mares in one lot to Rex Ellsworth last year—there were still 350 foals, yearlings and horses in training at the Aga Khan's stables in France and Ireland.

Weighing 200 pounds in his prime, the Aga Khan at the track suggested a bland, smiling Oriental idol wearing a gray topper. Last spring his health sharply declined and his weight dropped to 132 pounds, but as recently as last month he flew to Paris to watch one of his fillies race at Chantilly. He was unable to walk, and saw the race—in which his horse placed third—from his green Mercedes parked near the

finish line. Then he flew to Geneva, where he was to die within a few weeks. Having chosen his grandson to be the next Aga Khan, he left to legend and the timers' clocks the inheritance that was equally important to him.

THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME

THE SPEECH was simple, the syntax loose-jointed, and when it was over you knew Terry Brennan would never win any prizes as an orator. Yet his simple sincerity had briefly opened the door to the mystique of Notre Dame football and given a group of Detroit businessmen a glimpse into the reasons why this particularly American game is such an important part of the life of South Bend—and, not incidentally, why Notre Dame has made itself such an important part of the game. As a variety fallback just after World War II and now as head coach, Brennan has had an ample diet of both victory and defeat at Notre Dame. So he was peculiarly fitted to talk of the urges and impulses that keep Notre Dame spirit alive at all times.

"You can see the obvious things that sport teaches, such as physical courage or teamwork," he began, "but there are a couple of things that might slip by. One thing is a sense of loyalty. A sense of loyalty makes a group become a winner, and there's no better way to develop it than in athletics. Another thing is respect for authority. You have to have it in football or you just don't last. Another thing is self-discipline. You've heard a lot about desire in players—the will to win. That desire has to become developed through self-discipline. Sacrificing time to practice, sacrificing a few bumps and bruises. You can't find discipline in better form than on the playing field.

"The best thing for kids is to strive to be the best, to want to win and be a success," he said. "You can't win all the time, and kids have to learn that, too, but they should never stop trying, never stop trying to get up after they've been knocked down.

"At Notre Dame the word desire gets translated into self-discipline. So does spirit. The will to win is one of the most important things you can have. At Notre Dame we try to teach a way of life, as well as turn out doctors, lawyers, engineers and businessmen. We try and teach our boys to lead, to make something of the values they have learned, to stand up and be counted. I think that's the big secret of Notre Dame, the thing which brings the school close to the team—that same

will to win they both have together. Sometimes that will to win is tested pretty hard, like last year when we had a rough time. But a year from this fall we should be back to normal.

"Competition in sports and business is a lot the same—in battling one another we are trying to do the right thing. Here, we all believe in three fundamental things—a belief in God, a belief in the immortality of the soul, a belief in the life hereafter. We're all a team in believing these things, and I hope when the game is over, the squad doesn't get cut."

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

WHEN THE PENNANT friction between the Brooklyn Dodgers and the Cincinnati Redlegs ignited some rousing rhubarbs at Ebbets Field last week (see page 21), the telescopic eye of television brought the action right into your living room, no farther away from you than the ashtray or the footstool. You could practically count the fillings in the teeth of the umpires, managers and players as they jawed about this and that every couple of innings—particularly the time Junior Gilliam was called safe at first and the time when Don Zimmer was called out on a pickoff—but you might as well have been in mid-Atlantic for all you learned from the announcers. "Ho-ho," one or the other of them would laugh, "this is really something. Well, sir, you really see a little bit of everything when you come out to Ebbets Field. Yessir, this is really quite a show."

The fact is, a curious fan who had seen the excitement on TV might have lived a long life without ever learning what these debates were all about were it not for Mr. Happy Felton, an out-sized and effusive fellow who puts on a quiz show with the players of the opposing teams after every Dodge home game. Following this particular contest his guests were Duke Snider, the Dodge center fielder, and Smokey Burgess, the Redleg catcher. For those who couldn't or didn't tune in, here is a brief summary of the intriguing information given on Happy's program more than an hour after the regular announcers flubbed the opportunity.

On the Gilliam play in the fifth inning, Junior had collided with Redleg Pitcher Raul Sanchez, who thereupon dropped the ball while attempting to cover first on an infield grounder. Gilliam had overrun the bag on his way down to first, which was perfectly all right, but hurrying back to the

continued

continued

bag he overran it again. This time he was tagged by Redleg First Baseman George Crowe, who had by now recovered the ball. The resulting palaver, as Burgess explained, was over the claim that Gilliam had been caught off first. And the reason he hadn't been called out, Burgess went on, was because the umpire had simply not been watching. Even Snider admitted as much.

As for the Zimmer pickoff, that occurred just after the plate umpire had thrown a new ball out to Pitcher Sanchez, who immediately wheeled and threw to first. The Dodgers were wild over this one, and even Gil Hodges, the mild-mannered Dodger first baseman, acted as if he might tear the umpire in two. On the Felton show, Snider finally explained the Dodger case: that time was out, because the pitcher had not yet toed the rubber after receiving a new ball. But, countered Burgess, Sanchez had had his foot on the rubber when he caught the new ball, and so time was automatically in. Apparently the Dodgers hadn't noticed this, but the umpire had.

This is the sort of inside baseball that every true fan gobbles up, and heaven only knows how the announcers can sit there guffawing over a rhubarb as if it were some sort of sideshow when they could be telling their audience the fascinating facts behind it.

DAY TO REMEMBER

IN THAT FERTILE LAND where the confluence of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, the good burghers of St. Louis long ago invented a delightful expression to indicate that all is well—or even a little better than well. They say you have an egg in your beer.

Well, the other day they were playing the 1957 All-Star Game in St. Louis. All the finest players from both major leagues—even the great American League fellows like Mickey Mantle and Ted Williams, who had quit railing on St. Louis when the Browns died—were there and most of the team owners, league officials and Toots Shor, too. Everyone was in an appropriately festive mood. To make things just about perfect a pleasant breeze blew into the valley on the day of the game and cooled off Busch Stadium to just the right temperature for baseball.

Oh, yes, and there were several other items of local cheer. Stan Musial was having his best season in some time, a rookie pitcher named Von McDaniel

and his brother had everyone talking in terms of Dizzy Dean and his brother, and the Cardinals were leading the National League by 2½ games. As if that weren't enough, Budweiser sales were at an alltime high, and Boss Gussie Busch's pretty wife had just delivered him his fourth child.

It was no exaggeration to say, as the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* so aptly did, that St. Louis had an egg in its beer. So much so that hardly anyone seemed to notice or care that the American League beat the Nationals 6-5.

PERSONA NON GRATA

THERE IS a new police chief in Miami Beach and a new way of doing police business. A week ago the order went out: "Harass all known hoodlums." First on the agenda turned out to be Frankie Carbo, the underworld's major-domo in boxing and longtime friend of James D. Norris, president of the IBC. Not too long ago Carbo was boasting of his friendship with the then police chief, Romeo Shepard.

Carbo was picked up on the steps of the Fontainebleau Hotel by two detectives. For a man who protests that he has no interest in boxing, Carbo made a bad slip. He was there, he said, to visit a Washington fight promoter, name undisclosed. The detectives granted and booked him on a charge of being "unable to give a satisfactory account of himself." He posted \$100 bond and departed, meek and mild.

But last April, when Carbo was charged with speeding 100 miles an hour through Vero Beach, Florida, spring training camp of the Dodgers,

and leaving the scene of an accident, he raged at the state trooper who caught him. Carbo boasted of his friendship with Police Chief Shepard and telephoned Miami Beach to prove it. Chief Shepard phoned back in a matter of minutes, and Carbo was released after posting \$500 bond. After that became public, Shepard was in hot water and under investigation. His term was allowed to expire.

The new chief, Michael Fox, has indicated that Carbo will have no reason to boast about friendship with him—a cause for general rejoicing both inside and outside the State of Florida.

A VISIT TO NEWPORT

AT THE TURN of the century, Newport, R.I. was a pretty important spot in the sports world. The first championship tennis was played there, as well as the first National Open and National Amateur golf tournaments. As the summer home of some of the country's richest industrial nabobs, it was a national center for the most elegant yachting classics. But as time marched onward and these pastimes became available to almost anyone who cared for them, Newport subsided into a quiet retreat for the descendants of the early rich. Only once in a long while does it now emerge from its opulent obscurity, such as it did last year for the 75th anniversary of tennis and does annually for its noisy jazz festival.

This year, however, Newport will again be much in the news as the chosen playground of President Eisenhower, when he gets around to his 1957 vacation. He and his family will be housed in a new residence at the Naval War College—just across the bay from the resort proper—and within easy reach of the area's three golf courses.

The Newport courses, like the rest of its activities, are rated in strict accordance with the prevailing social gradients. Ike, naturally, will play at the highest level. This course, the Newport Country Club, carries severe penalties for a hooker like Ike, with traps, out-of-bounds markers and ditches lining the left side of at least half of its 18 holes. The club has made no special provisions for the days when Ike plays; the other members will play, too, and the only special deference they will show the President is to allow him to play through. Ike's visit may not ruffle Newport's placid and self-assured existence, but it will for once give the ordinary man a bond with this last of the truly posh resorts and onetime mecca of American sport.



TEMPER, TEMPER

He's broken 70 at last,
Though still the worst of dubs.
I don't refer to you (don't dash),
I'm speaking of his clubs.

—RE HAD ARMOUR



DODGERS' JUNIOR GILLIAM PDPS BUNT FOUL (ABOVE HEAR), STARTS FOR FIRST BASE AND COLLISION WITH REDLED PITCHER RAUL SANCHEZ

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

A BEEF GROWS IN BROOKLYN

THE CITY gets hot in the summer, and as if the weather was not enough to bear, ballplayers in the National League were faced with the added pressure of a white-hot pennant race. Something was bound to snap. Last week in Brooklyn it did, and Photographer Hy Peskin was on hand with a sequence camera to record it on film. It will be worth

saving as an object lesson which all big league ballplayers are supposed to know: "When you're ahead don't get sucked into a fight on the field." But the Cincinnati players forgot this and it cost them that game and probably the one they had to play next day—maybe the pennant.

continued

COLLIDING AS PLANNED: GILLIAM (13) ELBOWS SANCHEZ (35), REDLED FIRST BASEMAN CROWE (35) AND DODGER COACH JAKE PITLER MOVE IN





GAME IS FORGOTTEN AS BOTH PLAYERS START PUNCHING IN MID-AIR. PITLER AND CROWE ARE RUSHING IN TO SEPARATE FIGHTERS QUICKLY.

WONDERFUL WORLD *continued*

The brawl started innocently enough with a bunt in the seventh inning. Cincinnati pitcher Raul Sanchez, after disposing of the first two batters, sent Dodger Junior Gilliam sprawling with a duster on his second pitch. Gilliam,

fuming, then bunted a pop foul down the first-base line. Though there was no chance for a play, Sanchez charged after the ball and the pair met, as if by design, halfway between home and first. Flats started flying and, quicker than you could say spontaneous combustion, teammates from both sides joined the battle from field and dugout.

NOW BATTLE ROYAL IS ON IN EARNEST. BOTH TEAMS EMPTY BENCHES. WHILE THE UMPIRES CAN ONLY STAND BACK HELPLESSLY AND WATCH.





BUT REDLEG DON HOAK (LEFT), DODGER CHARLIE NEAL (RIGHT) AND ROY CAMPANELLA (PILING ON TOP OF SANCHEZ) ARRIVE FIRST ON THE SCENE

Redleg Third Baseman Don Hoak was among the first to join the melee, and very nearly the first to leave it: He immediately ran into a right-hand wallop thrown by Dodger Charlie Neal and dropped to the seat of his pants. Hoak rose from the ground screaming for vengeance. But Gil Hodges, Brooklyn's towering first baseman, pinned Hoak's

arms and Neal was hustled off to safety. When the umps finally brought peace they threw Hoak, Sanchez, Gilliam and Neal out of the game. Without Sanchez, the Redlegs lost their 4-3 edge over Brooklyn, finally lost the game 5-1. By week's end, with Hoak out with an injured hand, they had lost the Brooklyn series and had slipped to fifth place.

BELOW: BIG DON NEWCOMBE BRACES FOR A RUSH OF REBELS AFTER CHARLIE NEAL IN DUGOUT. BELOW RIGHT: HOAK IS ESCORTED FROM FIELD





WONDERFUL WORLD continued

MUDPACK

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM HUTCHINS



Slipping and sliding through Sydney slime, an Australian Rugby League '13' collides in a scrum with a pack from France on its way to the 1957 world league championship. The man with upside-down face in the center is an Aussie player and he is waiting for the ball to be tossed in

ROBERT MOSES ON THE

New York's outspoken park commissioner, accusing the Dodgers' O'Malley of bad faith, presents a plan for a National League site in N.Y.

by ROBERT MOSES

Since 1952 Brooklyn fans alternately have been treated to visions of super-stadiums and bedeviled by the specter of no team at all. Throughout this period, Walter O'Malley has professed a desire to stay in New York—if city officials, including Moses, would cooperate with him. Nonetheless, this year the Dodgers received permission to move to Los Angeles, provided the New York Giants also shifted to San Francisco. Herewith, Commissioner Robert Moses' account of the clouded Brooklyn baseball situation.

WHETHER sport or business, domain of the player, spectator, owner or manager, openly competitive or secretly monopolistic, baseball is rapidly becoming our No. 1 domestic headache.

Before an effective cure can be offered, we must invite honest and frank diagnosis. To date, excepting the refreshing advice of George V. McLaughlin, such diagnosis has been singularly lacking. In its place we have had little more than quack remedies from assorted tribal doctors, medicine and confidence men, shills, barkers, swamis and self-anointed pundits, addressing themselves to an increasingly bewildered and disgusted public.

If the subject is not lifted out of this



UNCOMPROMISING ROBERT MOSES PUTS ON FIGHTING FACE THAT HAS BECOME FAMOUS

welter of words and obscure and obscene shenanigans, the Great American Game will be about as respected, attractive and inspiring as lady wrestling and as sporting as a battery of Las Vegas slot machines. The Great Empire has already called two strikes on the eastern seaboard, and before long the hell may toll around the country.

I am no diagnostician, merely a builder of parks and public works, much concerned with recreation in its broader phases, and can offer only a

clinical record of the New York case and a suggestion of proper local treatment. Perhaps an outline of our experience may be of value elsewhere. At any rate, it is the truth as I see it, offered without hope of thanks or fear of punishment.

Let me begin with the Dodger rhubarb. Some time ago, Walter O'Malley announced that he could not remain much longer at Ebbets Field because it was too small, too inaccessible, lacking parking space, etc. Subsequently, he

BATTLE OF BROOKLYN

sold the field subject to a three-year lease ending in 1959 with option to lease until 1961.

This news was accompanied by heart-rending appeals not to leave Brooklyn flat. Walter then memorized a speech indicating that he would die for dear old Brooklyn. He also announced that he would at least postpone a decision while he and other simple, open-handed, guileless businessmen waited for scheming politicians to build him a new field. I have heard this speech over and over again at *nauseum*. From time to time Walter has embroidered it with shamrocks, harps and wolfhounds and has added the bouquet of liqueur Irish whisky. It makes me think of the story of the original Rothschild, who listened with streaming eyes to the appeal of a heggar and then said to the butler, "Take him away, he's breaking my heart."

For years, Walter and his chums have kept us dizzy and confused. First everything was geared to rapid transit customers, then it was all for the carriage trade. On one day they pictured a vast, modern arena, putting Rome to shame, with tier on tier of seats and seas of eager, downturned faces. The next day they conjured up an outdoor studio occupying little space, without stands, bleachers, parking fields or people, and with the players lightly doffing their hats to an unseen audience that is far away from weather, oafs, oaths, hecklers and bottle throwers, boozed up on home cushions, chewing chocolate nuts, drawing cigaret smoke lazily through a million filters or lapping up somebody's dry beer and rising only to feed a meter or turn a closed-circuit gadget. When they are following this line, the owners hint darkly that nothing short of a constitutional amendment authorizing on-the-field *pari-mutuel* hall will blast the fags out of the home cushions. They generously offer to use the breakage after hetting to support players' pensions. Meanwhile, having hypnotized New York, these gentlemen continue mysterious negotiations with other less goofy elites.

Walter O'Malley's first substitute Brooklyn site proposal was nothing if not nervy and Napoléonic. He asked that we turn over to him the entire Cadman Plaza in the Brooklyn civic

center. No one took this seriously, but it showed that Walter's heart was in the right place so far as Brooklyn was concerned. Next he shifted to the Long Island Rail Road terminal at Atlantic Avenue. This site included not only the station and tracks but also an old, decrepit, dated meat market and other structures. This area had already been studied by us for a slum clearance project, and we had concluded that street improvements and off-street parking facilities were in any event desirable, whether there was to be a stadium or not.

A FANTASTIC ALTERNATE SITE

Instead of directing various city agencies to concentrate on a careful analysis of this site, a firm of planning consultants turned to an alternate site across Atlantic Avenue which included expensive, built-up property and was by no stretch of the imagination a slum. It comprised a fantastic

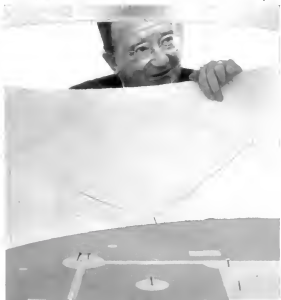
area running to some 500 acres. This further bedeviled and confused an already difficult problem. As I write now, this alternate site is comatose but still, at least theoretically, alive.

It should be added that Walter O'Malley since the very beginning has been rooting for a strictly Dodger stadium custom-made to his own measurements and specifications, and with little or no regard for broader recreational use. From the point of view of constitutionality, Walter honestly believes that he in himself constitutes a public purpose. The notion of an all-purpose municipal sports center, with baseball as an incident, if the most important incident, has never penetrated his consciousness. Furthermore, he has never made a firm offer to pay a sufficient rental to make any scheme of public or private financing workable.

It appeared from the beginning that it would cost close to \$20 million to

continued

PARK PLANNER O'MALLEY peers through plastic cover at proposed Dodger field. The Brooklyn president has always maintained he would finance construction of a park.



BATTLE OF BROOKLYN

continued

establish a stadium at the original Atlantic Avenue terminal site. It seemed possible that the city would contribute as much as half if the other half could be financed privately. For this reason some of us suggested to the mayor that a public authority, to be known as the Brooklyn Sports Center Authority, be established by legislation to canvass the possibility of selling to prudent investors some \$10 million in bonds on a solid revenue-producing basis apart from the city's contribution. This Authority was established and three prominent and respected members

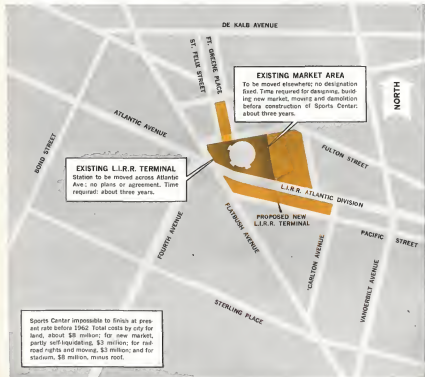
were appointed by the mayor, but it has made little progress in the face of the city's obvious unwillingness to put up half the cost without any hope of amortization and interest, and because of other complications and shenanigans to which I will refer later. One thing, however, was accomplished. A competent engineering firm, Madigan-Hyland, was hired to make a report on the entire stadium problem, and this report is due shortly.

It was accepted as gospel that if the Dodgers left Ebbets Field in Brooklyn the Giants would leave the Polo Grounds in Manhattan, and thus New York would have no National League team at all—the Yankees in the

American League. I am unable to explain the logic of such an exodus of all National League players, but smarter people than I have stated that it is inevitable. At any rate, as everyone knows, the two clubs looked toward the West Coast—the Dodgers toward Los Angeles and the Giants toward San Francisco. Whether either team has actually signed up to go, I don't know. They have received permission, conditionally, from the other National League clubs to move. From my seat in the bleachers it looks as if the Dodgers at least are already on the way. There are, to be sure, cynics who say all this is O'Malley and Coogan Bluff, and that

continued on page 46

MOSES' COMMENTS ON THE O'MALLEY SITE



PARK COMMISSION MAP, as prepared by Moses' staff, accurately locates proposed Dodger field in downtown Brooklyn, along

Atlantic Avenue, hard by Long Island Rail Road terminal. Fitchy, editorialized notes stripped in at key points are commissioner's.

Where there's Life...there's Bud.

NEXT TIME you're
drinking beer, look at
the label. Does it list
the ingredients? The
Budweiser label does.



Budweiser

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Setting off by native dugout canoe on hunting trip up Agave Azul River in Yucatán, Russell and Joan Penniman were

SPORTING START FOR A

WHEN Russell and Joan Penniman, a pair of attractive, outdoor Californians, were planning their wedding 18 months ago, they talked about taking a honeymoon trip that would be different from any other they had heard of. "I wanted to do things that other people never even think about," said Joan. "I wanted to live it up." Planning a trip like this was no simple matter, but Russ, a former

Navy jet pilot, finally came up with an idea. He suggested they fly his Cessna 180 down through South America and back, stopping anywhere that appealed to them. Joan was all for it. Right after the wedding in Phoenix, Ariz., they climbed into the plane, and for the next seven months, as the pictures on these pages show, the Pennimans did live it up. Altogether they logged some 39,000 flying miles, and



dense jungle along riverbank for shot of jaguar or jurelina.

MARRIAGE

many hundreds more by canoe (above), on horseback and on foot. Along the way they danced in Mexican nightclubs (right), collected three pet monkeys, hunted on the plains of Argentina, fished for black marlin off Cabo Blanco and stuffed themselves on exotic foods like broiled armadillo and roast ostrich. For more color photographs of the Pennimans and their honeymoon adventures, see following pages.



Night life *In Mexico City was one of the first big pleasures for Pennimans after leaving U.S.*

Jungle life *on Yacahin found Joan resting off during hunting trip by drinking juice of banana tree*



HUNTING



Trudging across clearing on jaguar hunt, Pennimans pick way through jungle grass.



Treating Rana's foot, Joan looks for blisters after hunt.

Tower hunting in Argentina, Pennimans await game.



HARVEST



Black buck shot on Lallien ranch near Buenos Aires was first big-game trophy of honeymoon for Russ.



Ostriches shot on picnic trip around ranch were roasted and eaten. Pennimann found meat delicious.



Water skiing *For first time, Joan takes helping hand from Russ as couple skims by submarine in Acapulco harbor.*



Snow skiing *A Andes also was new to Joan, who needed lift from Russ.*

Pet monkey *named Oui Oui perches on Russ's shoulder to watch him as he lights cigaret near end of trip.*

SKIS AND SKYLARKS

On their trip, the Pennimans landed at no less than 75 places, setting down on any paved airport or muddy jungle strip that promised adventure. As they had hoped, most of the adventures were brand-new. At Acapulco Joan tried her first water skis (*left*) under Russ's expert direction, and in the Chilean Andes (*below*) she floundered like any novice on snow skis. At Belém they picked up three pet monkeys. But flying was the biggest new thrill for Joan, who got her license just before the trip and split the flying chores with Russ throughout their entire tour.





Loading plane at remote Brazilian airstrip, Peautmans put their pet monkeys on board for flight to French Guiana.



SAILS AND RAINBOWS

Every time the Pennimans got near a likely-looking stretch of water, they broke out their fishing tackle. Off Panama, Joan, who had been a deep-sea fisherman all her life, went after sailfish with light tackle (right). At Cabo Blanco, they chartered a boat to try for black marlin. Russ had his best luck going after rainbow trout in Peru, hauling in more than 100 pounds in one incredible morning. Each time they landed a big one, the Pennimans sent it to a taxidermist. By trip's end their haul of trophy fish included a kingfish, a sail, two tarpon, two dolphin, rainbows weighing 12 and 15 pounds and a black marlin that scaled 640 pounds.



Battling sailfish on nine-thread line, Joan struggles to hold *quarry* on light rig. Fish won after 75-minute struggle.



Playing rainbow along bank of Lake Titicaca, Russ attracts *souder* audience of fell-hatted Indians.



THERE AND BACK

From almost the first to the last day of their 30,000-mile trip, the newlywed Pennimans charged through one sport after another and one misadventure after another, as this map indicates. Through Central America and down the west coast of South America, the Pennimans water-skied, explored old

ruins, hunted fatly in canoes for wild pigs, fished successfully for dolphin, marlin and fresh-water trout and skied in the Chilean Andes. Off the beaten track, they found, sporting life among the Latins is give-and-take. They were overcharged by merchants, charged by a surly cow and bedeviled

by red tape. They were contrastingly well treated by many sportsmen. In Argentina, rich ranchers—as Joan put it, “10-goal polo players and 11-goal drinkers”—led them on hunts to shoot antelope, deer, ostrich and Indian black buck. The seven months ended with more hunting up the Amazon and more fishing in the Caribbean. Now back home in California, the Pennimans are wondering what continent would be good for a second honeymoon. (KMR)

The newest yacht in the 50-year-old Great Lakes classic, the Port Huron-to-Mackinac, won hands down: tradition-shattering 'Dyna'

NO ONE FINER

by MORT LUND and EZRA BOWEN

THE most intriguing entry this year in the venerable Port Huron-to-Mackinac race, sailed annually over the 235 miles on Lake Huron that separate the port from the island, was a very unvenerable yacht named *Dyna*. Brand new and relatively untried in deep water racing, *Dyna* this past weekend proved worthy of all the interest centered on her by polishing off the largest fleet—74 boats—ever entered in the 50-year history of the race, winning class A and finishing first over all in the fleet.

In addition to gratifying her owner and skipper, 47-year-old Clayton Ewing of Green Bay, Wis., *Dyna's* fine showing proved the success of a complex experiment in materials and design that has been going on since her plans were first drawn. Although outwardly *Dyna* appears typical of the modern breed of ocean racers—beautiful, fast and extremely complicated—she is anything but typical. Built to a multitude of requirements that take into consideration her owner's comfort, the imperatives of seaworthiness and the involved mathematics of ocean racing handicap rules, *Dyna* represents a unique solution to problems posed in designing today's intricate sailing yacht.

When Ewing headed *Dyna* out on Lake Huron last weekend, he was sailing one of the few aluminum hulls ever designed for an ocean racer. *Dyna* has a minimum of the material traditional in yacht building aboard, most of it in her blond oak interior trim and her ply-

wood decks. To be specific, *Dyna's* hull is mainly composed of 50-odd transverse ribs of quarter-inch bar aluminum over which are fitted 60 pieces of quarter-inch Alcoa 52 54 magnesium-aluminum plate. (For *entire story* drawing of *Dyna*, turn page.)

The yachtsman's impulse to build in aluminum comes from two sources: first, to be rid forever of the problem of rot (a word that has about the nastiest sound a sailor knows) and, second, to exploit the advantages of lightness and strength inherent in the metal. In the case of *Dyna* (and one nonracing sister ship), the difference lies in the way in which her aluminum is held together. She is the first all-welded aluminum yacht. Her predecessors are riveted boats, with all the drawbacks of riveted construction, high cost (riveting is twice as expensive as welding), leakage from popped or strained rivets, and hull marred by rivet heads. When Ewing came from 38 miles away to watch workmen at the Burger Boat Co. in Manitowoc swing the plates into place on *Dyna's* hull and weld them fast, he did so in the full expectation that when she was launched she would cost him little more than a fine wood boat of the same size, would leak not a bead of water and would have a hull as smooth and glistening as the finest mahogany. In these expectations he has been fulfilled.

Ewing himself has been sailing seriously since he bought a 17-foot National One-Design in 1931 on Lake Winnebago. This led to bigger boats, like



TUNING UP HER RIGGING FOR THE PORT

the 52-foot schooner *Bru Bow* in which Ewing sailed his first Chicago-Mackinac race in 1942. Ewing soon found the competitive urge that had made him a leading businessman in the pulp and paper field (he sold the Falls Paper and Power Co. in 1951 and has since gone into television) carried over into his sailing. He sold off *Bru Bow* for the 55-foot yawl *Vizen*, started to win a few races, took second with her in a Chicago-Mackinac race and took her



HURON-MACKINAC RACE. "DYNA" KNIFES THROUGH BRISK CHOP ON LAKE MICHIGAN UNDER FULL SAIL, TESTING HER ALUMINUM HULL

south in 1953 to the Southern Circuit races in the Caribbean. At various times he had the chance to crew with some of the best skippers in the business—Carleton Mitchell and Woody Pirie among others—to sharpen his racing. In the meantime, he shopped around for a ship to match his increasing skill in the delicate and watchful art of coaxing speed from wind and canvas.

"I wanted a yawl," said Ewing. "If I were going to build a small boat the

size of *Finesterr* [38 feet] I'd build a cutter, but I have to have a bigger boat than that for cruising." Ewing referred to the fact that he and Mrs. Ewing love to sail, as do their two children, Mark, 20, and Marcia, 22. Marcia is married to Howard Tuthill, a sailor out of Grand Rapids, Mich., so there is a crew of five (not including a brand-new grandchild) without half trying.

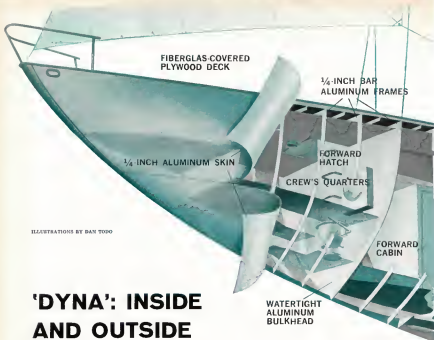
"From the standpoint of ease of handling, it's much easier to shorten sail

on a larger boat with a divided rig, and it's much easier to sail than a single-stacker.

"I also wanted her to be a centerboarder," continued Ewing, "and I didn't want her to leak, because if you get much bilge water in a centerboarder it runs up and creates an unpleasant mess."

With Ewing's dicta in hand, New York's Sparkman and Stephens, the

had continued on page 48

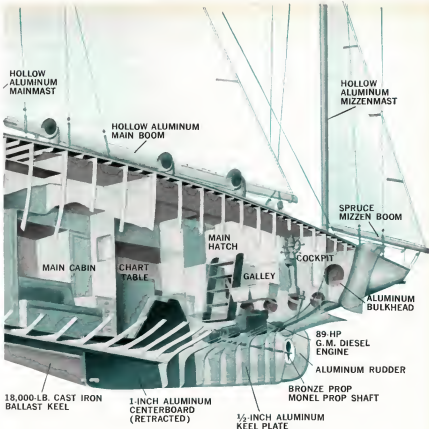


'DYNA': INSIDE AND OUTSIDE



SPECIAL ALUMINUM HULL was sectioned into 60 pieces, lifted into place on her aluminum ribbing while *Dyna* was being built. Constructed at Burger Boat Co. in Manitowoc, Wis. in upside-

down position, *Dyna's* quarter-inch hull plates were easily seated in proper spot by workmen. Larger plates all weighed less than 200 pounds, could be handled by simple chain hoist when needed.



STEM TO STERN

Dyna is a yawl, 57 feet 5 inches over all, 40 feet on the waterline with a 18-foot 7-inch beam and a 5-foot 6½-inch draft (9 feet with centerboard down). She displaces 48,160 pounds (normal for her size), of which the hull, masts and basic fittings weigh only 20,000, allowing *Dyna* to carry an 18,000-pound ballast keel for stability and pack 10,000 pounds of the good things of cruising life aboard. In her crew's quarters (just aft of the clothes locker in the very bow) is one hinged pipe berth with a head and folding lavatory to port and a hatchway

ladder running up the door of the watertight bulkhead which serves to keep the ship afloat in case a bow-on collision ruptures the hull. The forward cabin has two wide, comfortable berths (head on portside not shown) and a large hanging locker aft of starboard berth. Main cabin has four bunks, doubles as dining room with lower bunks as seats. Main cabin bathroom (indicated above on portside with wind passing through one corner) has shower, lavatory, head. Main cabin also has two large hanging lockers, one at each end of the starboard bunks. Galley has double sinks aft and three-burner alcohol stove (not shown) on portside forward of sinks. Icebox and huge

refrigerator (drawn in look-through technique) on portside show roominess of boat. Very few yachts under 70 feet have both. Aft of galley, chart table sits on top of chart drawers just forward of sail bin. Cockpit (aft of the main hatch) sits over aluminum bulkhead (holes are to reduce weight). Aft in cockpit, wheel and binnacle which encloses the navigating compass are conveniently placed on same pedestal as engine controls. Handles of coffee grinder which for trimming genoa jib show above deck at stern. Centerboard drops down through slot in cast iron ballast keel (shown in cutaway) and in hollow aluminum keel plate which holds Monel propeller shaft.

ALUMINUM YAWL

continued

country's leading designers of center-board yawls, ran up a plan and sent it out to H. C. Burger, president of Burger Boat Co., which had done a number of S. and S. designs previously.

"Splendid," said Burger, who had been itching to try a new welding technique on a sailing yacht ever since the combination of Alcoa's alloy (which keeps its strength under intense heat) and the recently perfected Heliarc welding process that makes welded aluminum feasible had been used to build a successful Burger motor launch in 1955.

Dyna was built upside down (standard practice with metal boats), starting with her deck frames at the bottom and building up from there with the transverse ribs forming an arch overhead. In preliminary talks with Sparkman and Stephens, Burger stressed that he wanted plenty of ribbing, closely spaced to give his workmen the rigidity they needed in order to seat the plates and minimize shrinkage and buckling (irreverently called "oil-canning") when the plates were welded. The result was a hull with very few longitudinals—a rather rare thing.

Olin Stephens of S. and S. explained it this way: "Basically, every ship is sort of a latticework of longitudinals and transverse. The spacing depends on how much area you can allow in each of the rectangles of the lattice, and that in turn depends on the strength characteristics of the material you work with.

"Here we have aluminum, very strong, over ribs which are placed rather close together. Thus you can let the whole length of two ribs form parallel sides of the rectangle and the deck and keel form the other two. Of course, the cast-iron keel is a longitudinal which gives backbone to the whole boat. Then, the two beams under the engine also act as strength longitudinals."

In addition to being built upside down, *Dyna* was built a great deal heavier than she had to be. Since she is an experimental boat, the quarter-inch hull was specified to provide much more safety margin than *Dyna* theoretically needs. But since ocean racing handicap rules penalize light hulls anyway, Ewing was just as happy to have her that much heavier (*Dyna* is twice as strong as a wood boat with the same ballast ratio). Ewing was even happier when he found out how much good living he could stuff into *Dyna* and still keep her weight comparable to

that of a conventional sailing yacht.

An added bonus is the fact that *Dyna* (or any metal ship) saves a lot of space using her hull as the bottom of her fuel and water tanks.

"Finding enough tank space is a real problem on a small yacht," said Olin Stephens. "The owner always wants more capacity than you can give him and still leave a comfortable boat below deck." *Dyna* has double the fuel capacity and 25% more water storage than the usual yacht her size.

Building in aluminum is not all gravy, however. Although the problem of corrosion is not as serious as on a steel hull, it has to be met. This means that there has to be paint on every square inch of her, starting with a special wash coat and ending three layers later with a finishing coat. In fact, *Dyna*, with her fiber glass decks and her black, slick hull, has no outward appearance of being anything but wood.

Then there is electrolysis. Technically, this is the chemical reaction between two different metals when immersed near each other in salt water. One metal tends to dissolve and the other to thicken. This proved to be less than fearsome with the aluminum hull. *Dyna*'s rubber stuffing box insulated the Monel propeller shaft from the hull, and the reaction with the cast-iron keel is negligible.

Lastly, care must be taken to keep all the electrical grounds on *Dyna*'s hull at the same potential, or else the offending appliance will be quickly short-circuited.

But these precautions are well worth their extra cost, since they enable Ewing to have what he has been aiming for during his years of sailing: a strong, dry, comfortable hull on a center-board yawl that is a joy to cruise.

As for racing, Ewing is a bit on the cautious side in predicting what *Dyna* will do in the future, as befits a man with a new boat ("It takes two years to learn a boat," Ewing said). Before her appearance in the Mackinac, *Dyna* took a third in her first start (the Queen's Cup race at Milwaukee) and two weeks ago took all the Class A ocean racers in the Muskegon Yacht Club regatta. This is a promising enough start for a brand-new racer.

"Are we proud of *Dyna*? It's absolutely going to revolutionize the sailing yacht industry," said Burger after the first few race results were in. "If a man wants speed and a light yacht, someday soon he will turn as naturally to aluminum in yachts as he does to aluminum and fiber glass in smaller boats today."

END



FORWARD CABIN starboard bunk (above) shows *Dyna*'s blond oak trim. Main hatch (below) beside galley opens on the cockpit.



CHART TABLE seen from main hatchway stands to starboard of main cabin door with dining table (leaves folded) visible beyond.



EXIT THE CROCODILE

Jockey Willy Rae Johnstone, an international sporting figure, retires—wearing the same colors he bore in Paris 25 years ago

by WILLIAM McHALE

IN THE soggy heat of the weigh-in room of Paris' Longchamp race track a couple of weeks ago, a little seamed-faced jockey named Rae Johnstone turned to a British friend, said, "This is my last ride, Peter." Making a final adjustment to the blue and white colors of Owner Pierre Wertheimer, he strode briskly to the paddock, mounted a slate-gray filly named Midget and rode her to a hard fought second place. Just 25 years before, almost to the day, Johnstone had ridden his first race in France. The owner was Pierre Wertheimer and the horse finished second.

Between these two near wins, Willy Rae Johnstone piled up a quarter-century record of victories which fixed him as one of the greatest international jockeys of modern times. Before arriving in France in 1932, he had already won 600 races as champion jockey of Australia and India, and he added some 1,400 more before his retirement. Among these are 30 "classics," including three English Derbies. In a single year, 1948, he won the English, French and Irish Derbies, plus the Grand Prix de Paris. He has raced in 11 countries—France, England, Ireland, Australia, India, Egypt, Italy, Argentina, Belgium, Germany and the U.S.—and has won victories in all but the last two.

"My greatest thrill," says 52-year-old Johnstone, looking back over a lifetime of racing, "was winning my first English Derby on My Love in 1948." Starting odds on My Love were 100 to 9, but Johnstone was absolutely certain he would win, and he ran his horse with the ice-cold control of pace which was one of his finest gifts. "There were 32 horses starting in that Derby," Johnstone recalls, "and a mile from home I had only two horses behind me. But I knew I had it won because I hadn't asked my animal for any effort. At Tattenham Corner a friend of mine told me he could see a broad grin on my face." About 100 yards from home, Rae finally asked My Love to produce, and the horse flashed past the leader, won by a length and a half.

My Love was trained by Richard Carver, now 73, a member of one of those British racing families which has lived in France for generations (his grandfather trained in France during the reign of Napoleon III. As a 2-year-old, My Love had never won a race and Carver was dissatisfied with his jockey, so he asked Rae to have a

try. Johnstone's answer astounded him: "Guvnor, I'll do it on one condition: that you'll let me ride him in the Derby." The Derby was then one year in the offing, but Johnstone was so sold on My Love that he telephoned his old friend and patron, the late Aga Khan, pleaded: "Monseigneur, if you'll buy

continued



AN ARTIST AMONG JOCKEYS, RAE JOHNSTONE RODE IN 11 COUNTRIES AND WON IN NINE



JOHNSTONE ON SICA BOY, AFTER WINNING THE PRIZ DE L'ARC DE TRIOMPHE, EUROPE'S RICHEST RACE, AT LONGCHAMP, PARIS, IN 1954

EXIT THE CROCODILE

continued

that horse, I'll ride him and win the Derby for you." The Aga was able to purchase only 50% of the horse, but his faith in Johnstone was justified: the following year, My Love gave the Aga's chocolate and green colors their fourth Derby victory.

Johnstone's keen sense of horsethief has been honed over a tough career almost unmatched for longevity, variety and brilliance. Warren G. Harding was in the White House as President of the U.S. when Johnstone started racing as a 16-year-old apprentice in Australia, and he became national champion before he was out of his teens. After a decade of success in his home country, Rae went to India, then blooming in the genial autumnal years of the British raj. "That was real living," sighs Johnstone reminiscently. "All those colorful uniforms and lovely saris. I had two boys to look after every horse, I raced only once a week in Bombay or Calcutta, and I rode more winners than any other jockey in India.

"But I really began to live when I came to Paris," Rae admits. Pierre Wertheimer, big-time perfume manufacturer (Bourjois, Chanel), invited him to come to France to be his top jockey, and Johnstone continued his string of victories in the circle of beautiful race tracks which makes Paris a

horseplayer's paradise. He became a familiar figure to Parisians in the winning enclosure behind the magnificent cream-colored stand of Longchamp, in the red brick rural loveliness of Le Tremblay. He wore the racing colors of France's most famous owners—Bousac, Aga Khan, Volterra.

REFORMED WHEN MARRIED

Young, cocky, successful Johnstone backed his own mounts heavily with his own money, tossed many a purse to the croupiers in Deauville and other gilded gambling halls. All this stopped abruptly when Rae married his present French wife, Marie, in 1940, and he hasn't gambled since. During the Nazi occupation, Rae was tossed into a French concentration camp as an enemy alien. He escaped, hid out, and was in the saddle again six weeks after the Germans left.

By Rae's own standards, at the age of 40 he was already over the hill. "A jockey reaches his peak sometime between his apprenticeship and his 30th birthday," he claims. But what he lacked in fresh youth, he made up with seasoned cunning, which brought him some remarkable victories. Last year he won the Derby again, on Pierre Wertheimer's Lavandin, a horse he had never before mounted in a race.

In the postwar years Paris crowds fastened a title on Johnstone's sudden-death finishing style—they called him

Le Crocodile because he came from behind to eat up the opposition. On his losing days they also called him "robber," "crook" and "bam," because he refused to lash a horse with his whip if he thought the animal had no chance to win. In a typical Johnstone-fashion run for the money, he humped his back like an angry cat, worked his arms and knees in a tremendous burst of energy to urge the horse on. But he seldom did more than flick the horse with his whip. "I just waved the whip in front of him now and then, to let him know it was there," he says. "There's no sense in heating a horse to death. If he hasn't got a win in him, you can't whip it out of him."

This whipless tactic outraged thousands of small players who felt that Johnstone robbed them of a chance to collect on a place bet, but it earned him the admiration of the men who trained the expensive animals he mounted. Alec Head, brilliant young trainer for Prince Aly Khan and Pierre Wertheimer, says: "Johnstone won't kill a horse just for the sake of finishing third. Lots of young horses have been ruined because jockeys have thrashed them so hard they cringe and are useless on the track thereafter. Also, Johnstone was thinking all the time he was riding; when the race was finished he usually had something useful to say about the way the horse performed."

Rae notes one big gap in his 36 years on the track: "I never rode a great horse. I've ridden lots of good ones, but never a great one like Native Dancer or Citation or Ribot." He nearly had a chance for a go on Native Dancer in 1954 when Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt asked Rae to ride him in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, but the big gray broke down before he could cross the Atlantic (Johnstone won the race anyway, on Sica Boy).

A frequent visitor to the U.S., usually on his way to a winter vacation in Mexico, Johnstone has raced here only three times, with no luck. He knows Eddie Arcaro very well and admires him as a track technician but has mild doubts about the efficacy of the arcade-style Eddie affects. "Of course, it makes more sense to ride that way in America, where all the tracks are exactly the same and you go around them all to the left," he says. "In Europe there are no two tracks exactly alike—you can go around them to the left or to the right, and in one, Maisons Laffitte, you can go around clockwise and counterclockwise on the same afternoon."

Aside from the quality of the horses and the skill of the men who ride them, Rae doesn't have much use for racing in the U.S. "It's too monotonous," he says. "There's no atmosphere. As far as I can make out, people go to races in America to eat sandwiches and hot dogs and to bet on a number."

Much better, in his opinion, is the ambience of the Paris tracks he will never ride again—the rolling, richly green, up-and-down courses; the flower-bordered, tree-shaded paddocks filled with the buzz of knowledgeable conversation and the slim shapes of chic women. Most of all he will miss Chantilly, the forest-enclosed training area 25 miles from Paris, where jockeys come each morning to try out their mounts by dawn's light. "Every time I did it for 25 years," says he, "it was a thrill to drive to Chantilly, to see the morning sun break through the trees arched overhead, like light coming through cathedral windows."

The summer days which used to begin with a predawn ride to Chantilly have no pattern for Rae now, and it's strange not to be saddling up at Longchamp when the afternoon shadows begin to lengthen. Beyond a trip to Australia to visit his mother, Johnstone has no plans for the future, only a few regrets about the past. "I've made some mistakes and run some bad races," he says. "I wish I had run nothing but good races." **END**

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BATTLE OF BROOKLYN

continued from page 38

if a new field is provided in the city both teams will somehow remain.

We have talked to the Giant owners and also to Mr. Jay Coogan several times in recent years about their plans at the Polo Grounds and the adjacent parking field below Coogan's Bluff. We did this because of the interest the city would have in middle-income housing on this site should it become available. Mr. Stoneham said, only a short time ago, he had no idea of leaving and would keep us fully informed well in advance of any move, but all we ever learned was from the press.

Let me now in my own words give you briefly what I believe will be the conclusions as to the Atlantic terminal site. It won't happen. Whatever advantages there may have been originally have evaporated through delay and loss of time and for many other reasons. Certainly, it is absolutely impossible to build any kind of a stadium at this location and have it ready before 1962. That time schedule could have been met only if the city had decided, when the subject first came up, to immediately move the privately owned, city-supervised meat market to Canarsie, a relatively short distance away, where the city has plenty of land. The Markets and Public Works Commissioners could have forthwith designed a modern meat market, persuaded the merchants to move, bought refrigerating equipment and started actual building. The present ramshackle market buildings could have been wrecked and the site made ready for stadium construction.

Nothing like this was done, and even now a desultory debate is dragging on as to where the market should go if it is moved, with all sorts of suggestions for sites in other parts of the city and even in New Jersey. All this has invited little more than our skepticism on the part of the merchants affected.

Similarly, no studies, plans, negotiations or actions of any kind have been taken for the relocation of the Long Island Rail Road station and tracks, or as to acquisition of air rights by the city, etc. Nor has anything been done in the way of planning the necessary access and street improvements and parking. It would take about two years to design and move the market after the policy had been determined, more than six months to demolish the old one and at least a year and a half to build the stadium. The same thing is

true of the other improvements. The time schedule which had been imposed by the club owners is therefore impossible to meet.

Turning now to the money angle—the estimates of cost at the Atlantic Avenue terminal site have risen to about \$24 million, and it now develops that instead of a \$10 million city contribution, part of which the city might get back in the form of market rentals, the city's advance would have to be very much more because no offer has been made by Walter O'Malley or anyone else to provide revenues which would support a bond issue by the Authority of even as much as \$9 million. I think we may, therefore, write

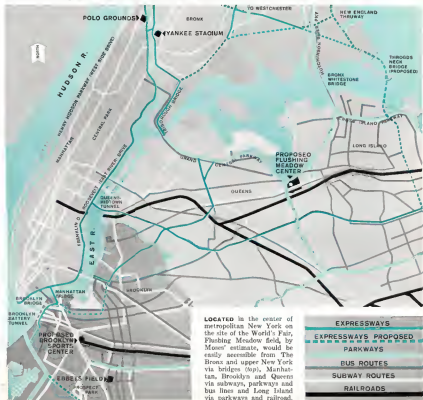
off this site as well as the ridiculous one on the other side of Atlantic Avenue and assume that whatever merit the Sports Center Authority may originally have had, it is gone now and that the Authority is a dead duck.

With plans for the Atlantic and alternate Atlantic sites up in the air, renewed pressure was put on the Park Department to suggest to the mayor other sites within park areas. Abe Stark, the president of the City Council, an enthusiastic Brooklynite, talked to me as park commissioner about the old Parade Grounds which is part of Prospect Park. I told him that undoubtedly there was sufficient area to build an all-purpose stadium, but that

adequate substitute athletic and play facilities in what remained of the Parade Grounds would have to be provided at considerable expense to overcome the objection of the people of Brooklyn for the loss of any part of these heavily used grounds. I added that quite a lot would have to be spent on access and parking, and that I was dubious about the public reaction. As a matter of fact, the public reaction was terrible. I am accustomed to plenty of brickbats and unpleasant anonymous communications from professional and other critics, but in this case there appeared to be nobody at all in favor of the plan. I gather that the

continued

COMMISSIONER MOSES' PROPOSED SITE



BATTLE OF BROOKLYN

continued

borough president was also against it. Therefore, it never got off the ground.

Finally, the Park Department came up with the only suggestion involving park land which makes any sense. It was no new thing. Its locale was Queens, not Brooklyn, a fatal defect from the point of view of some Brooklyn fanatics, but otherwise eminently sensible. It had been on the park program for many years, going way back to the expansion of Flushing Meadow and the basic improvements for the World's Fair of 1939, 1940. I had charge of this work, and everything was planned with the idea that Flushing Meadow Park ultimately would take the place of the World's Fair at the geographical center of metropolitan New York and what is today also its population center.

We laid out on paper 20 years ago an all-purpose municipal stadium and sports center, roughly bounded by Flushing Bay and the Roosevelt Avenue elevated rapid transit line. An argument promptly developed with the *Daily News*, headed at the time by my old friend Captain Joseph Medill Patterson. Captain Patterson was with us but thought our stadium was much too small and that it should accommodate at least 100,000 people instead of the 50-odd thousand we proposed. We replied that such a huge stadium would be a white elephant and that it would be filled only once or twice a year, and we deluged the captain with reams of statistics to prove our point. These figures did not impress him at all, and he ran editorials once or twice a year for several years saying that I was against his plan because I hadn't invented it. We continued to be the best of friends and I enjoyed his pungent editorials immensely. Anyway, we didn't get the money for any kind of a stadium, and other parts of Flushing Meadow Park closer to rapidly growing adjacent subdivisions naturally came first on the program.

For example, Police Commissioner Arthur Wallander asked me to set aside part of the site in the proposed stadium area for the use of commuters who would drive in from Long Island, leave their cars, climb up on the elevated railroad and thus not congest traffic in the heart of the city. I didn't think much of the scheme at the time but went along on an experimental basis. The experiment was a success with revenues from a 25c charge, and now about one third of the sports center

area is occupied by the parking field, which must continue to be available to commuters five days of the week but not at weekends and not in the evenings. Incidentally, at these off hours the field would, of course, be available for stadium users—no small advantage.

The Flushing Meadow site has other obvious advantages. It is large enough. It can provide all required parking on the surface without garages. It is accessible by way of major arteries, some of which are about to be substantially widened and improved as part of the federal-state-city arterial program. This program includes a new bridge over Flushing Creek leading to the Bronx-Whitestone Bridge and the Throgs Neck bridge on the way to all upstate New York, and to the east, north and west. The temporary Long Island Rail Road World's Fair

station can easily be restored. No money is required for land. The stadium can be built for \$8 million without a roof and \$10 million with. A roof I personally think is impractical. An additional \$2 million would be required for parking improvements, fencing and other incidental purposes. If the city were willing to begin foundations before the entire plans are finished, we could complete the job for the opening of the baseball season of 1959.

If George McLaughlin's figures as to possible returns from nonprofit, limited-profit or profit-sharing baseball and other sports are correct, and I have never known George to be wrong on figures, enough revenue would be guaranteed by contract so that the city could advance, let us say, \$10 million, which would automatically be exempt from the debt limit because all the service charges would be provided



"What's worrying me is that the Tokyo Giants may move to Brooklyn."

for. At the end of a comparatively short period the city would own the Sports Center free and clear and would be in a position to renew the contract with the operators or the city could negotiate a new one.

I have no judgment as to whether the Dodgers or Giants could be bought from the present owners by people interested in the preservation and elevation of baseball and the expansion of other city recreation facilities. I do not know, either, whether a new club or clubs are practical in the National or any other league, but certainly a scheme which included the continuation of the Dodgers or the Giants in New York or the introduction of another National League team is well worth trying, if only to dissipate the smog of controversy and the atmosphere of evasion, haggling and penny pinching which overhangs the scene. I don't want to be accused of sentimentality, but I hate to see our youth disillusioned, not by professionalism, but by plain, ordinary skulduggery. One thing at least is certain, namely, that we in the Park Department can build a first-class, all-purpose sports center at Flushing Meadow in jig time if we are given the green light.

It is claimed that Brooklyn would not be Brooklyn without the beloved Bums. The same thing was said about the *Brooklyn Eagle*, which nevertheless folded. That was a damn shame and so, in some respects, would be the departure of the Dodgers, although a new location elsewhere on Long Island could hardly be classed as a tragedy. I shall leave it to people closer to politics and public opinion to prove what proportion of the 3 million and more residents of Brooklyn really care a great deal in view of the slim attendance at Ebbets Field, the convenience of television, etc. Certainly, the political retina will be less clouded after Election Day. Unfortunately, it looks as if the decision will have to be made before then.

One final confession. In weighing this testimony, or to stick to the original metaphor in diagnosing this diagnosis, please remember I am seizing upon a favorable moment to argue for something I have wanted a long time, something less grandiose and elephantine, more modest than what my farsighted friend Captain Patterson envisioned—a municipal stadium at Flushing Meadow, worthy of New York, big enough for decent professional baseball and football and for other sports in which the spirit of amateur athletics still prevails.

(END)

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at the
popular
price




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SPORTING LOOK

FUN IN THE SUN *Here, on a July weekend, is the look of seaside '55, as colorful as a circus*

At America's beaches this year can be found some of the brightest clothing ever to go down to the sea. On the eastern seaboard, particularly, vacationers from Maine to Fire Island (where these pictures were taken) are shelving the traditional walking-shorts and madras-shirt uniforms for the most varied and colorful clothing they've worn in years. Among the most popular sources of inspiration is the circus, as seen in Pembroke Squire's clown suit for Maskot and Kenn Barr's polka-dotted, striped

and half-fringed circus collection for Casino Classics. Hatter William J. took his beach hat inspiration from a vegetable garden and has planted straw carrots, tomatoes and pumpkins on many a fair head. The men at the shore are wearing clothing strongly influenced by calypso and the Caribbean: batik-printed shirts and bathing suits, bandanna-banded raffia hats, white duck trousers cut mid-calf. Mixed together under the sun, they make a mid-summer weekend at the beach an even happier time.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTA



SNOW FENCE keeps dunes intact, backdrops Louisa Gilardighi in checked pants, camisole (\$20, Kenn Barr for Casino).



BOARDWALK PARADE is led by Iris Bianchi in clown suit (\$25, Market). Close behind: Bruce Addison in square-necked navy shirt (\$8.50, Arden), twill cham diggers (\$17.50, Hatton-Cuse); Louisa Gilardighi in sleeved Helanca swimsuit (\$40, Janizen); Carol Gerard in shirred, appliquéed, checked suit with over-kirt (\$35, Tina Loefer); Jake Springhorn in striped terrycloth pullover (\$18.50), striped cham diggers (\$17.50, both Hatton-Cuse). Bringing up the rear in the wagon are Jake's twins, Karen and Kathy.



DOMINO SHORTS (\$10), peasant blouse (\$6) and cone-shaped straw hat (\$10) are all from Kenn Barr's circus group (Casino).



VEGETABLE HATS—pumpkin and tomato (\$19 each, William J.) —are season's zaniest headgear. With them Iris and Louisa wear cap-sleeved, scoop-necked swimsuits of Helanca (\$30, Janizen).



BEACH TENT (Carole Stupell) reboos stripes in Louisa's bull-fringed beach costume (\$24, Kenn Barr for Casno).



CALYPSO ON THE DECK—danced by Ronald Speinghorn in bath shirt, duck pants (\$17 each, Galleria) and Bobbie Lane in orange pullover, striped cotton shorts (\$11 each, Mr. Gee). Other calypso clothes:



LONG ISLAND LOBSTER is served by Iris Büche, wearing a rose-and-white striped beach top pullover shirt (\$19) and hat with matching striped band (\$10, Casno).



JAPANESE HEADRESTS (\$8.50, Elizabeth Arden) make sunning pillows for Carol Gerard, who wears a pastel-striped lacy suit (\$23, Cole) and Bruce Addison in cinch-sided mufin trunks (\$7.50, Thomas).



Tina Leser's swim-suit-dress (\$60), bandana-banded hat (\$7.50, Men's Hats), tie-front shirt (\$13, Tomas) with surfer trunks (\$6, Catalina). Sandals are by Bernardo.



JAPANESE WRESTLER'S SUIT (\$20, Arden for Men) is authentic. It is of quilted unbleached cotton and serves as an after-swim cover-up for Donald Springhorn.



MAILLOT SWIMSUIT of crepe-knit wool (\$23, Rose Marie Reid) is worn by Bobbie Lenz. Towel, umbrella fold into satchel (\$15, Beezey).



Mr. McDonough's Magic Shovel

How SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's description of Miller Ronnie Delany's welcome home to Ireland inspired a certain telephone call and set off a whole series of adventures involving people, shovels, aircraft and the fate of old Erin

by GERALD HOLLAND

FOR THE SECOND TIME in six months, thanks to the great Irish miler, Ronnie Delany, I found myself high over the Atlantic, staring out the plane window, looking down on the clouds that hid the sea below. I had tried to sleep in a berth forward, but I couldn't. There was too much to think about: large, wonderful thoughts that grew in the mystical beauty of the night. Suspended in space and time, I gave myself freely to a dream. The son of a County Clare man, I felt that I was returning to the Old Country in the vanguard of a crusade to rescue modern Ireland from the troubles that sorely beset her. Savoring the fancy, I thought back over the way in which it had all come about.

ONE DAY I RECEIVED a telephone call from a man who introduced himself as Bernard P. McDonough of Parkersburg, West Virginia. He said he had read SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's account of Ronnie Delany's welcome home to Ireland last December (*A New Irish Hero Goes Home*, SI, Jan. 21, 1957). He was calling me, he went on, as one who had recently visited over there and, presumably, had more up-to-date impressions of the country than his own.

Mr. McDonough said that, as the grandson of a County Galway man, he was distressed by reports that he read about Ireland's economic plight. He understood that young people were leaving the country in great numbers because of lack of employment opportunities. He had thought about the problem so much, Mr. McDonough said, that now he was seriously considering starting some kind of business in Ireland in order to give jobs and perhaps set an example that other American businessmen might follow.

I asked Mr. McDonough what his business interests were. He said he had a number of interests, including the largest shovel factory in the world.

I asked him to repeat that.

Mr. McDonough did and explained that the largest shovel factory in the world was the O. Ames Company of Par-

kersburg, founded in 1774, presently turning out 10,000 shovels 1,800 varieties every day.

Did that mean, I asked, that he proposed to start a shovel factory in Ireland?

Possibly so, he said.

We chatted on and discovered we had a lot in common. My mother, Margaret O'Connor, was born in West Virginia, not 60 miles from where Mr. McDonough was now speaking. Moreover, it developed, both Mr. McDonough's grandfather and mine had helped to build the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad through West Virginia, and, we agreed, had almost certainly done so with Ames shovels.

Abruptly, Mr. McDonough asked me the question that was the real reason for his call.

"Tell me frankly out of what you have observed," he said. "Will the Irish in Ireland work?"

I asked him to hold the phone. I got up and closed the office door. Returning to my desk, I picked up the phone and said:

"Mr. McDonough, that is a question I would not care to discuss over the long distance wire. It is a very delicate question. Let me say simply that there is a lot of Guinness Stout brewed in Ireland, for one thing, and somebody must have to work to brew it."

Mr. McDonough agreed that the question could not be answered offhand. We came to a decision: on Mr. McDonough's next visit to New York, we would have lunch and confer further. Or if, by chance, I was ever in the vicinity of Parkersburg, I would call him.

Events moved swiftly. Not long after my first talk with Mr. McDonough, a fortuitous circumstance sent me to West Virginia, and I found myself being ushered into Mr. McDonough's office. As I entered, he was talking through a box on his desk to a ship's captain who was in the Gulf of Mexico bound for Venezuela, where Mr. McDonough has a marine business. As I waited for the conversation to

continued



A New Irish Hero Goes Home

STORY THAT STARTED IT
After reading this report of Ron Delany's homecoming, Bernard McDonough picked up telephone.

THE CAST OF CHARACTERS



GERALD HOLLAND

Writer of Delany story made a pilgrimage to West Virginia to discuss plans to help Ireland.



BERNARD F. McDONOUGH

Meeting with writer, he proposed a weekend visit to Ireland for a preliminary study of conditions.



FRANCIS W. H. ADAMS

Ex-Police Commissioner of New York, he alerted Irish government to the landing at Shannon.



JAMES CAHILL

TWA man at Idlewild airport in New York, he pledged help in flying a shovel across to Ireland.



BILLY MORTON

Promoter of amateur athletics in Dublin, he was cast for an important role in glorious shovel plan.



ROBERT ERBESCOE

The then Lord Mayor of Dublin was also marked to play a part in the weekend survey of Ireland.

McDonough's Shovel

continued

be concluded, I observed Mr. McDonough out of the corner of my eye and judged him (correctly) to be in his early 50s, a man of average height, with thinning, but still brown hair, the suspicion of an Irish twinkle in his eyes, a habit of raising his eyebrows and tightening his lips when he was listening and half smiling when he was speaking. When the ship-to-shore talk ended, Mr. McDonough jumped up, shook hands and announced that he was taking the rest of the day off to show me around.

Where shovels rule

It was a great day. We toured a number of plants, but the most astonishing was the O. Ames Company, the shovel factory. In my city man's ignorance, I had believed the shovel to be obsolete. Now, standing on the floor of the Ames main plant, I had the feeling that shovels rule the world. There were shovels everywhere amid the din and clatter of the machinery; there was every kind of shovel imaginable: shovels to dig holes for telephone poles; wide shovels, narrow shovels, long-handled and short-handled shovels, even a shovel to shovel fish. Shovels were being molded, hammered, pounded, stamped, shined; everything that can be done to a shovel was being done.

I stopped at one assembly line to watch a man whose job it was to stand before a parade of shovels, and as each one reached him to take a nail in his left hand and hit it a single blow with the hammer he held in his right. He had one chance and one blow before the shovel moved on. If he missed, the whole operation would be thrown off. In secret dismay, I thought of a cousin of mine over in Ireland and how he might, given just such a job, exclaim at precisely the wrong instant: "Now wait till I spit on me hands!" Chaos would surely result.

I moved along and watched another man. He faced a bat-

tery of machines arranged in a semicircle. One machine delivered a molten shovel which the man took and, whirling and posturing like José Greco, the Spanish dancer, he thrust it in the other machines, one after the other, to stamp and shape it. His final act was to fling the shovel from him in a gesture as graceful as a ballet figure; then, without pause, he started all over again. I could hear my Irish cousin as he went through this procedure just once: "Ah, life's too short! I'll whiff with it!"

As we started for the executive dining room, Mr. McDonough pointed to a spot on the factory floor where he had worked as a boy for 15¢ an hour.

At lunch with the production men and some of the sales people, Mr. McDonough raised the question of manufacturing shovels in Ireland. He mentioned that he knew of a factory in Galway that might be acquired and modernized. The production men said it was possible to manufacture shovels in Ireland, all right, but pointed out that both wood and metal would have to be imported and the finished product would have to be exported, the Irish domestic market being inadequate for a profitable operation. The place to build a shovel factory outside the United States, said one production man, was Puerto Rico. Mr. McDonough nodded and the subject was dropped.

A great depression came over me at the mention of Puerto Rico, and I could not shake it even after we drove out to the Ohio River and went for a cruise on one of the tugboats operated by a sand and gravel company Mr. McDonough owns. As I stood at the rail of the tug, looking at the green banks of the historic Ohio of Lincoln and Boose, I was reminded suddenly of the River Shannon. I turned to my host:

"Mr. McDonough," I said, "coming to Parkersburg has been a most rewarding experience. I have been fascinated by the shovel manufacturing process, and I have always wanted to ride on a tugboat. This is one of the great days of my life."

Mr. McDonough appeared to be mildly embarrassed by the intensity of my gratitude.



McDONOUGH'S SHOVEL COMPANY IN PARKERSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA, FOUNDED IN 1774, IS THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD

"But, sir," I went on, "I have just been thinking. To whom do I owe thanks for this delightful adventure? To you, of course, but other than you, to whom? To some Puerto Rican sprinter? To some Puerto Rican putter of the shot, some pole vaulter, hurdler, jumper?"

Mr. McDonough took off his hat and waved it to the captain at the wheel, signaling a return to the sand and gravel company dock.

"We are here together at the rail of this tugboat," I said firmly, "thanks to no Puerto Rican, but thanks to the greatest runner of the mile in all Ireland's history, Ronald Michael Delany. Had he not won in the Olympics, I would not have written the story about him and had I not written the story about him you would not have called me in the first place."

"What are you driving at?" asked Mr. McDonough.

"The talk at lunch about starting a factory in Puerto Rico," I said. "I hope it will not divert you from your plan to help Ireland."

Mr. McDonough raised a hand to shield his eyes as the tugboat turned into the sun.

"We'll see," he said. "We'll see."

Back at the dock we got into Mr. McDonough's car and drove to a sandlot where his son, Bernard Jr., 15, was pitching in a pickup game. We watched for a while, then drove to Mr. McDonough's home and met his daughter, Mary, who is 14. As we sat on a side porch with some refreshments, Mrs. McDonough, blonde and slender, a former schoolteacher in Parkersburg, drove up and joined us. She had been out at the country club practicing the Ben Hogan golf lessons. Mr. McDonough proposed that the three of us go back to the club for dinner.

The proper thing to do

After dinner we sat for a long time discussing Ireland. Mr. McDonough said that, seriously speaking, the proper way to go about starting an enterprise in Ireland was to send a team of experts in to survey the manufacturing possibilities and then to study their recommendations. "However," said Mr. McDonough as we parted at the end of the evening, "it might be useful to fly over there some weekend and talk to a few people and get the feel of the place again. I'll give you a call one of these days, and we'll run over for two or three days."

Back in New York, heartland of doubletalk, where "Let's lunch one day" may well mean "I hope I never see your face again," I decided to close the books on a pleasant adventure. I reported to my superior for assignment and was promptly sent to New Jersey to cover a luncheon at which the guest of honor was a dog, an English setter named Rock Falls Colonel (*The Colonel Retires, EVENTS & DISCOVERIES*, SL, June 3).

Two days later I received an airmail special delivery from Mr. McDonough in which he said that he found himself free for the coming weekend and had taken the liberty of making two reservations for Ireland on TWA Flight No. 862 leaving Idlewild Airport in New York at 2:30 p.m. on Thursday. He said he would fly to New York in his own plane, a twin-engine Cessna. "If convenient," wrote Mr. McDonough, "meet me at the TWA check-in counter one hour before departure time."

I picked up the telephone and enlled the New York law firm of Satterlee, Warfield & Stephens and asked to speak to one of the partners, Mr. Francis W. H. Adams. I was calling Mr. Adams for two reasons: 1) he is a member of the board of directors of the American Irish Historical Society and so has certain contacts with the Old Country;

2) as former Police Commissioner of New York City, he is a hard man to startle.

Happily, Mr. Adams was free for lunch. I waited until we had finished our fricassee of chicken to bring him up to date on what had been happening. I showed him Mr. McDonough's letter. Mr. Adams blanched, but the color returned to his face almost immediately. He cleared his throat.

"This project," he said, "strikes me as being eminently sensible. I will confess that, at first impact, the teaming up of an American industrialist and a sportswriter for the purpose you describe does seem a trifle irregular. However, upon reflection, I can see that your recent trip to Ireland with Ronnie Delany may have equipped you with certain information and contacts that will assist Mr. McDonough in his larger plan. Suffice it to say, I shall be happy to support the enterprise in any way I can. I think, first of all, the Irish government should be alerted. I'll get off an airmail letter this afternoon and send you a copy."

Mr. Adams was as good as his word. At 4:10 p.m. a Verifax copy of his letter was laid on my desk. It was addressed to the Irish Industrial Authority, a government agency in Dublin. It described the purpose of our visit and identified Mr. McDonough as "an important American industrialist and a man of substance," and mentioned that I was a sportswriter. Mr. Adams concluded his letter by saying that we would be available at the Gresham Hotel in Dublin on the following Saturday.

On Thursday, the day of our scheduled take-off for Ireland, I was up at 5 a.m. although the plane did not leave until 2:30 in the afternoon. I was thinking hard. Being realistic about it, I had to admit that the weekend in Ireland, by itself, could have no lasting benefits to the Irish economy. But I felt that even a weekend could be turned to Ireland's advantage if somehow it could be made symbolic of greater things to come. I chewed the word symbolic and reduced it to symbol. If a symbol could be found. . .

Suddenly struck, I hurried to my file of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and turned to the January 21 issue with the story of Ronnie Delany's homecoming after his Olympic victory. Feverishly I searched for the paragraph I only half remembered. And there it was: Ronnie himself addressed a meeting of Dublin's leading citizens, a meeting that had been called by Ireland's foremost promoter of amateur athletics, Billy Morton.

"My Lord Mayor and gentlemen [said Ronnie]. Naturally, I am very pleased at the interest my victory in the Olympics has aroused here at home. But, gentlemen, while it's all very well for people to be interested and be clapping me on the back and shaking my hand, what I would really like them to do to show their appreciation for my little part at Melbourne is something constructive, and the constructive thing I want to see is the building of a cinder track. . . Billy Morton has taken a wonderful step in acquiring a site that I believe to be the finest in the world. . . Gentlemen, I have found to my own detriment that I cannot train on grass alone. . . This cinder track is not something for me personally, it isn't for Billy Morton personally. This is something for all Ireland, something for our capital city of Dublin to be proud of—our own cinder track."

I had my idea. I hurried to the telephone (it was now 9:30 a.m.) and called TWA headquarters at Idlewild and asked for Mr. James Cahill, a young man whose forebears came from County Clare. He was free for lunch.

In the Brasserie Rat restaurant at the airport, I waited until we had finished our pastrami sandwiches before saying to Mr. Cahill:

continued



RONNIE DELANY, WHO APPEARED FOR LINDER TRACK, SHARES THE IREISH GRASS WITH HIS BROTHER JOE AND SOME BORED SHEEP

McDonough's Shovel

continued

"Jim, I wonder if you would be good enough to consult with your people and sound them out on their willingness to cooperate in a project aimed at promoting understanding and friendship between two nations."

Mr. Cahill took a sip of coffee.

"What two nations?" he said.

"The U.S.," I said, "and Free Ireland."

Mr. Cahill fumbled for a cigaret. I held out a match for him. He took a deep drag and blew the smoke at the ceiling.

"I don't have to consult with my people," he said, "to answer your question in general terms. Of course my company is always ready and eager to promote friendship and understanding between the two countries you have named. What, specifically, would you ask us to do?"

I waited until the waitress had taken our plates away. Then I leaned forward.

"Jim," I said lowering my voice, "the details of this matter have not been settled as yet. But what I might ask you to do is fly a shovel to Ireland."

Some smoke from Mr. Cahill's cigaret caught in his throat at that moment, and he took a fit of coughing. I raised up in my chair and signaled the waitress for a refill of the water glasses. The waitress hurried over with a pitcher and, after taking a sip, Mr. Cahill recovered his composure.

"Excuse me," he said.

"As I was saying, Jim," I went on, "this matter would involve flying a shovel to Ireland. I don't mean air express or anything like that. I mean that the shovel would have to be handed over to the steward or purser of the plane and handled by him personally. Then, at Shannon Airport, there would have to be somebody waiting with a fast motorcar to take the shovel to Dublin, where your man there would take it and deliver it to Mr. Billy Morton at No. 10 Berkeley Street. Or maybe it could be delivered to the Lord Mayor's mansion, I'll let you know."

I leaned back in my chair.

"Am I making sense, James?" I asked.

Mr. Cahill nodded, staring at his hands. Then he looked up and said:

"Would it be out of order for me to ask what flying a shovel to Ireland has to do with promoting understanding and friendship between the two nations?"

I shook my head.

"I cannot tell you any more at this present time, Jim," I said. "What it boils down to is this: if a shovel is delivered to you here at Idlewild in the next few days, you just hold on to it until you hear from me. Clear?"

"Well," said Mr. Cahill, "no. But I'll go along with this thing in the hope that it will become clear later on."

"Believe me, it will, James," I said.

I called for the check and we walked out of the Brasserie and over to the TWA check-in counter. Mr. McDonough was there waiting. In a little while our flight was announced and we went aboard the plane and soon were out over the sea, flying nonstop to Ireland.

* * *

Thinking back over all this on the plane, I had fallen asleep in my seat. Now I felt myself being shaken. I opened my eyes and there was Mr. McDonough, dressed and shaved.

"We're landing at Shannon," he said.

I looked out the window and there it was rushing up at me: the wonderful green of the Old Country. The Irish Adventure was beginning.

NEXT WEEK

THE MAGIC BEGINS TO WORK

In Part II Gerald Holland tells how McDonough searched out his answers, and what Bally Morton and the Lord Mayor said and what they did, and of the great blessing the shovel brought to Erin.



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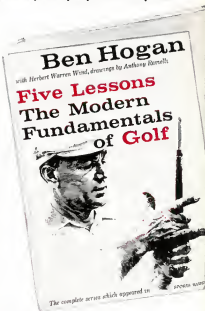
Almost as if Hogan himself were right at your elbow

When these five lessons appeared in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* last spring, copies of the magazine were harder to get than birdies at Pine Valley. The word quickly spread that here at last was a golf instruction technique that made sense—that was easy to understand and easy to do. It was almost like a set of personal lessons from the champion himself! For in just 8 fundamentals, his book shows you how any golfer with reasonable coordination can build a powerful swing which will repeat—and only then will you really discover the game of golf for the first time!

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TIP FROM THE TOP



Especially for
women golfers

from **GEORGE CORCORAN**, Greensboro CC, N.C.

The woman golfer too frequently thinks in terms of trying to steer the ball with her hands. When she tries to do that, the tendency is to pull the club head across the ball (from the outside in), and a slice is the result.

To overcome this, I recommend that women golfers—and beginners especially—use what I call a modified baseball grip. The left thumb is in line down the shaft of the club, as in orthodox golf grips, but there is no interlocking or overlapping with the little finger of the right hand. This grip causes a golfer to get more right hand into her action. More right hand will enable her to get more power into her swing, and it keeps her from pulling the club head across the ball, makes her swing through the ball and straightens out that slice. This modified baseball grip may result in a slight hook—which would be good for most women golfers. (This is the reverse of what is true of most men; they tend to overemphasize the hit, to get too much right hand into their swings.)

I also think that the woman golfer should wear a full-fingered glove on her left hand. It gives her a much better grip than she could get with her bare hand or a half-fingered glove.



George Corcoran
advices a modified
baseball grip for
women golfers

NEXT WEEK: HAROLD CALLAWAY ON OVERCONCENTRATING



The Question:

Some golfers claim that cheating in golf is increasing. How much cheating is there in golf?

ALLISON FLEITAS



*Wilmington
Instructor*

Very little—and I'm sure cheating in golf is not increasing. Of course, there always will be people who will cheat at golf or in any other sport. However, since golf is one game where the ultimate in sportsmanship is the goal, a cheater soon finds himself with no place to play.

RAY MCCARTHY



*New York City
Advertising executive*

It only appears that cheating is on the increase. I'm surprised that important executives, who insist on being informed about

every detail of their business, don't take the trouble to read the rule book. When they unknowingly break the rules, others may think they're cheating.

WALTER B. PEDERSON



*Wilbur, Conn.
Golf equipment
manufacturer*

Many break the rules through habit. They know it's a violation, but it's also a habit, and they don't care. They'll let their opponents commit the same violations because they don't take the game too seriously. But others see these violations and call them cheating.

MRS. WESLEY D. HAMILTON



Evansville, Ind.

I've heard about golf cheating. However, golf is a sport that attracts the finest people around. I don't think there is as much cheating as there is in other daily activities. It's only true of an occasional woman who is a poor loser. I don't know about the men.

CONNIE SMYTHE



*Toronto, Canada
President, Maple Leaf
Hockey Club*

Those I play against never cheat. They're too good, and they lean over backward to be fair. However, I've

seen cheating in my day. There was the guy with a hole in his pants pocket. When he got to the spot where he wanted to play a shot, he'd let the ball roll down his pants leg.

SAMMY KAYE



*Cleveland
Band leader*

Good golfers and good fellows don't cheat, but you see a little cheating frequently when there is a four-some for money. Improving the lie, replacing a ball a bit near the pin when on the green, forgetting a stroke and trying to get an edge through an improper handicap are not rare violations.

JOSEPH C. LEMBO



*Forest Hills, N.Y.
Executive*

There's no cheating that I know about. How can it possibly be on the increase? Fred Marsh, president of the Metropolitan Golf Association, is the one who claims that cheating in golf is on the increase. I think he made that statement to attract attention to himself. He's looking for publicity.

ALAN ELEFT



*Chairman of the golf
committee
N.Y. Athletic Club*

We've all heard about the cheating in Calcuttas. That's why I think that golf should be an invitational affair and all the contestants

be known to each other. The larger the Calcutta, the more strict the officials should be in checking the rules and the participants.

JEREMIAH J. BROWN



*Asheville, N.C., CC
Tax specialist*

Sure there's cheating in golf. But not in my crowd. My friends are as clean in their golf as they are in their tax reports. Quite a little cheating is done in handicaps. It seems silly that a man will risk criticism from his friends just to win a little money or a watch.

MRS. BAYARD SHARP



Wilmington, Del.

We've all heard about golf cheating, but I'm not aware of it. If a friend accidentally touches a ball with his foot and improves his lie, I'm always sure it is an accident. When he says "Sorry," I feel embarrassed for him and say: "What's the difference? Please let it lie."

BASEBALL: ON THE CAMPUS

Sirs:

Finally, after far too many years, college baseball has been properly recognized by your excellent publication (*The Men Look Over the Boys*, SI, June 24). I have often wondered, as a follower of this game and as one who knows the important part that college training plays in the development of your hall players, why some publication of your prominence has not before recognized this segment of our sporting world. I congratulate you on this excellent coverage and I hope that you will continue from time to time to give due recognition to the colleges of America for their part in developing our national pastime.

BARNEY GOLDWATER
U.S. Senate

Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

As a very ardent baseball fan and long a follower of collegiate baseball, I was delighted to see the excellent coverage which your magazine gave to the College World Series at Omaha.

Congratulations for a fine job!

EDWARD T. McCORMICK
President, American Stock Exchange
New York

Sirs:

I have enjoyed your magazine ever since its first publication. With four sons it is sometimes difficult to get to it before it is pretty well used.

We are sports enthusiasts in every field, but particularly in baseball. For this reason we are very happy with your recent emphasis on college baseball. I assume you will now move into the Little League.

RICHARD H. FORSTER
Los Angeles

• The Little Leaguers? Coming up, —ED.

Sirs:

It came as a distinct surprise—and pleasure—to find that somebody, other than myself, knew that there was such a sport as college baseball. Since your June 24th issue recognized that there is such an animal, I sincerely hope you will continue to devote occasional headlines on this greatly neglected facet of the sporting world.

Even the daily papers treat college baseball as if it was an extension of the situation and the Lytha Pinkham ads, and I was developing a complex because I like the sport.

Detroit

ROBERT M. CLARK

Sirs:

You people are headed in the right direction with regard to publicizing baseball as conducted in colleges these days.

JOHN EHLERS
San Diego, Calif.

Sirs:

Such articles will do much for baseball and will do more for boys who have hopes

of a baseball career. "Every educated feller ain't a plumb greenhorn."

CHARLES B. PROVENCE
San Diego, Calif.

TV BASEBALL: ALLEN YELLS

Sirs:

You guys think you have troubles. We've got Mel Allen! Mr. Allen insists on:

1. Talking constantly about trivial and boring topics, come home run or double play.
2. Yelling into the mike every time a ball is hit out of the infield.
3. Encouraging people to wire in unimportant questions, i.e., What are bases made of?
4. Advertising beer all night by generous gulps.
5. Being superstitious about announcing that a man has a no-hitter going.
6. Talking 90% of the time when he is supposed to be interviewing somebody.

He could learn a lot from Phil Rizzuto.
HAROLD STULTS JR.

Short Hill, N.J.

TV BASEBALL: WEST COAST BLUES

Sirs:

In regard to Mr. Aronson's and Mr. Sotzburg's comments on baseball announcers (19TH HOLE, June 10):

They haven't heard anything until they have heard our boys in Los Angeles. I give you the five best ball announcers—Bond, Brundige, Scott, Harmon and Welch.

Bond and Brundige don't know what the score is either in the game or otherwise—and half the time don't know what inning it is or who is at bat.

We also have Hedder, who in my opinion is one of the best, and Kelley. The latter, like Wismer, has every play a crisis, but at least he's never dull and again, in my opinion, is the best around here.

A. J. BARNETT
Camarillo, Calif.

TV BASEBALL: OLD POONER FAN

Sirs:

The TV baseball announcer seems to be taking his lumps lately. Complaints are flying right and left. A certain J. W. Kennedy (19TH HOLE, June 24) had much to say in this line. He especially picked on my favorite announcer, the old podner, otherwise called Dirty Dean. Dirty puts a little color into the game. I like baseball, but I admit it can become boring at times. His chatter in between pitches makes the game much more interesting. He gets my vote as the best announcer of today.

LEONARD EDWARDS
Menlo Park, Calif.

NATURE: EDUCATING THE INDIAN

Sirs:

Some time ago there appeared in SI a very interesting article on fish printing (*How to Print Your Fish*, June 18, '56). This I read with pleasure at the time but, unfortunately for me, I failed to keep the copy for future reference.

I have just returned from a fishing trip to Fort Babine in British Columbia, where to my surprise I found the gentle art of fish

printing carried on. If you concluded that this kind of fish reproduction was distinguished from spawning; had been learned from the northern Indians you would be wrong, but if you attributed its source to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED you would be right. Your subscribers do get around; one from Milwaukee brought the word to Fort Babine, and one from San Francisco found it there.

I wonder if you could send me a copy of the original article so that I can determine if any of the information it contained was omitted by my Fort Babine instructor.

G. D. STRATFORD
San Francisco

NATURE: OF DONKEYS AND IRISHMEN

Sirs:

Oh for the life of a donkey—and oh for the life of Mr. O'Reilly!

ROGER P. STONE
Hingham, Mass.



MR. O'REILLY ENJOYING LIFE

MOTOR SPORTS: MISSIONARY ZEAL

Sirs:

As a recent arrival from Montreal, I find the protocol of sportsmanship in this area in a shocking decline (E & D, July 1). I have today been waved at by MGA (two, male), TK-3's (one, female); and, shudder to recall it, a Ford Anglia with *driving as Austin A-50?*

I would vigorously suggest appropriate missionary activity in this benighted area.
EDWARD D. LEVINSON, M.D.
Evanston, Ill.

GOLF: WORD TO THE WISE

Sirs:

Thanks to you and Ben Hogan's lesson (SI, March 11 et seq.), which I read and practiced diligently, I am now a proud member of the Hole-in-One Club!

The miracle took place Sunday May 26 at Shore Acres Golf Club on the 141-yard 14th hole. I drove with my four-wood.

It was my first game of the season—a

mixed foursome with my husband and the
Lester Armours

I am now a Ben Hogan fan!

Mrs. Jay N. Whipple

Lake Forest, Ill.

GOLF: EVERYBODY'S GOIN' IT

Sirs:

Modest man that I am (adverbial comment censored), I hesitate to point something out to you which I think might be most interesting to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

On the 4th of July, about 11 a.m., I made a hole in one (the first one after 28 years of golfing) on a very tricky 14th hole here at Mammee Country Club. I hit a five-iron shot which split the pin all the way, hit directly in line about 10 feet short, but in and rolled into the cup without touching the pin. This is a very tricky hole and a hard green to hit.

About 10 minutes later when my foursome were playing on the 16th green, we told two foursmen on a nearby tee about the hole in one. One of these individuals stated that they would try to match our shot ball on the hole and kidded me about failure to use my wedge on the hole. I have a reputation for using a wedge for too long a shot.

At about 11:20 or 11:25 one of these foursmen, playing the very same hole, had a second hole in one. Mr. John Stedman was the culprit. However, his shot hit about five to 10 feet to the left of the line of flight but with a little English slid to the right and entered the hole, again apparently without touching the pin.

Records here do not indicate, as I mentioned above, any previous holes in one on this particular hole, and as far as we can ascertain from our golf professional (who is one of the old school) there is no record nationally of two holes in one on the same hole on the same day. It is especially interesting in light of the fact that the second hole in one was made within about 20 minutes of the first one and also that the individual who made the second hole in one was aware of the first hole in one and was making an attempt to tie me.

ROBERT R. LAUTZ

Minster, Mich.

GOLF: USGA BLUNDER

Sirs:

My heartiest congratulations to Herbert Warren Wind for his fine article *The Tragic Fourth* (SI, July 8).

It's obvious the USGA blundered (in disqualifying Jackie Pung), as the intent of the rule was not violated.

CHARLES W. UNPWECH JR.

Charlotte, N.C.

GOLF: SO THERE!

Sirs:

Golf is for the birds and like old men.

TOM WALSH

Denver

BASEBALL: EAST END?

Sirs:

That fellow Creamer *Al Lopez*, SI, July 1! He lost me in the second paragraph: "... the quiet east end of Chicago." Indeed! To me, a native Chicagoan, he talks about Chicago's "east end." That really is something.

There is a north side, a south side, a west side; but where is "east end"? After being brought to an abrupt halt by the foregoing

I did manage to pick up and start going again, happily engrossed.

ED DEUSE

Chicago

● Since the "east end" would be Lake Michigan, Creamer was obviously so "happily engrossed" that he got his directions mixed.—ED,

BASEBALL: TYCOON TREDE

Sirs:

RE PAY ON THE BACK (SI, July 8), concerning Motorola's sports program, since athletes are fast becoming an integral part of our corporations' business, it won't be long before our sports pages will triumphantly announce an awesome trade, with First Baseman Honey Ford II traded to American Motors for Pitcher George Romney and two 1954 Nash Rambles.

S. MEISNER

Oak Park, Mich.

BASEBALL: ROOKIE ROOTERS

Sirs:

As a long-suffering Red Sox rooter, I ask you please not to ignore our spark of hope, our rookie of the year, Frank Malzone. How come his virtues are not recorded in your Baseball X-Ray under "The Rookies"?

JOHN F. HARVEY JR.

Hartford, Conn.

● With no clear-cut definition of a rookie, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s baseball team considers Malzone a sophomore, since last season he played in 27 games, was at bat 163 times and was a Boston Red Sox regular for more than 45 days.—ED,

ROWING: MY ACHING BACK

Sirs:

Lungs burning, back nearly broken, hands blistered: that was my condition after reading Don Parker's superb account of Cornell's hard-earned IRA victory on Onondaga Lake (SI, July 1). This piece of living sports literature is the kind of thing which makes *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* a truly great publication. Parker did more than describe an exciting race, he put the reader in the boat and handed him an oar.

ALVIN S. PICK

Fort Johnson, N.Y.

YACHTING: BURGEOINING BURGUES

Sirs:

May I take this occasion to compliment you on the cover design and also on Ezra Bowen's article on *Yachting Heraldry* (SI, July 1).

I must confess that I was rather crestfallen to note the omission of the U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary Ensign in the collection of flags and pennants appearing on page 25. With our 15,000 members through-



out the United States, including Hawaii and Alaska, we feel that we should be regarded as one of the leading national boating organizations. Our sponsorship of the current National Safe Boating Week program has been considered a signal and worthwhile contribution to the American boating public by most interested groups.

BLISS WOODWARD

Commodore, Third District

U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary

Mamaroneck, N.Y.

Sirs:

No doubt you will receive a great number of letters from clubs passed over in your selection of 29 Leading North American Yacht Clubs.

My main complaint is this: Houston Yacht Club is represented, and they are our competition. The two clubs are approximately seven land miles apart and 15 nautical miles apart. Why isn't the Lakewood Yacht Club represented? Our club is larger



in membership, has more land, over 100 boats standing in club sheds (all power yachts ranging from 27 feet to 130 feet) and better than \$3.5 million in assets (not including boats).

We are young in years—not quite two years old—but we're growing by leaps and bounds daily.

ROBERT H. ANDERSON

Seabrook, Texas

Sirs:

Your issue of July 1 was of great interest to yachting enthusiasts. In particular, I regard your illustrations of signal flags, club burgees and private signals a very fine job.

However, as a member and past commodore of the Riverton Yacht Club, I feel



a lot put out by your omission of any sample of the few still-legal club burgees which use the stars and stripes as part of their design. You will find enclosed a replica of the burgee of the Riverton Yacht Club, which uses this design.

JOHN H. THOMPSON

Riverton, N.J.

● With almost 1,000 club burgees to consider, Yachting Editor Bowen used geographic distribution of important yachting centers as the criterion for choice.—ED,



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PAT ON THE BACK

GLENNA COLLETT VARE

Queen of the links during a career that spans three decades and includes winning the U.S. women's amateur golf championship six times, Mrs. Edwin Vare Jr., still trim and chic at 54, has retaken the Rhode Island state title which she first won in 1921. The incredible Glenna, a brilliant player and always a charmingly fashionable figure on a golf course, first won the women's amateur title in 1922 and took it for the sixth time in 1935.

Now a grandmother, Mrs. Vare's first remark after accepting this last trophy was, "I shouldn't be here. I should be home baby sitting with my granddaughter, Leslie." In addition to their married daughter, the Vares have a son, Ned, attending the Yale School of Architecture.

Mrs. Vare's present plans include summer at the Vares' country home in Narragansett, Rhode Island and golf in such events as this week's tournament at Point Judith Country Club.



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